

# The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE order, and even the safety, of the German retreat have suddenly been shaken. For some days a great bombardment had been in progress between La Bassée and Arras, and on Thursday week it was worked up to the intensity which is the now familiar prelude to an assault. The terrible nature of the gunfire during the last few days before the advance may be gathered from the fact that numbers of the German gunners had not left their dug-outs until they were taken prisoners on Monday. Machine-gun emplacements constructed of reinforced concrete, two feet thick, had been pounded to dust, massed wire torn to shreds, the ground scooped up as though by some magic "steam navvy." During these preparatory days the British airmen had been preventing the Germans from discovering our concentration by flying well over the German lines and attacking the enemy pilots and observers. And they had also helped to confuse the German plans by bombing railway stations and junctions, exploding ammunition dumps, and dispersing convoys. Still, these measures, despite their success, must have informed the enemy that an attack was pending, and, therefore, the surprise was only limited.

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WHEN the assault began, on Monday morning, the success of the preparatory measures was seen in the aimless and ineffective nature of the enemy's fire. The extent of the front of attack was some 12½ miles, from near Souchez to a mile or two north of Croisilles; but the most important part of it was the northern wing which faced the Vimy Ridge. This is a sort of dromedary's back, with the main Arras-Lens road running across the saddle. It rises slowly from the west, forming a natural glacis, a good field of fire; but falls

sharply to the eastern plain, perhaps 200 feet below. From it one may survey a wide stretch of land from beyond Lens to Douai. That is its chief value to us. To the enemy it represented the investment of untold labor and ingenuity. Its chalky soil was stained with the blood of great numbers of soldiers of both sides, and its defences were so intricate and strong that the Germans thought of it as the obvious pivot for their retirement. But by Monday night the Canadians had stormed the ridge all but the redoubt on the northern hump, and the British line had been carried forward to a distance of from two to three miles, even as far south as Arras. By 2 p.m. 6,000 prisoners, including 119 officers and much material, had been taken.

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At some points of the battle line nests of machine-guns were still intact, and the assaulting troops found their way blocked. Such was the case at the Horn Redoubt; but there, as on many such occasions, tanks moved forward and put an end to all resistance. On Tuesday the redoubt on the northern end of Vimy Ridge was taken, and the advance was pressed along the Scarpe Valley, due east from Arras, farther to the south in the direction of Cambrai and eastward also from the Vimy Ridge. On Wednesday the attack secured Monchy-le-Preux, which rests on a low hill, some ninety feet above the surrounding country and commands the Arras-Cambrai road. This small village was skilfully encircled by troops, who crossed the Scarpe to the north. Snow was now falling heavily, and the advance was gravely impeded. But already 12,000 prisoners had been taken with 150 guns, some of them of 8.2 ins. calibre, and numerous trench mortars and machine-guns. The swiftness of the advance at once established an uneasy German salient below the Arras-Cambrai road. It is one of the features of Sir Douglas Haig's strategy that it promised this. The villages Monchy, Heninel, and Bullecourt define a sharp salient, the base of which is not five miles. Obviously this offered the British a chance to cut off the whole force inside the salient. But the Germans realized the danger in time, and the tentative move from Bullecourt met with a heavy counter-attack. The position required a more careful handling, and though the Germans have not so far been able to deliver any impressive counter-attack, they have sufficient troops to guard points of such critical importance.

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YET they could not hold Vimy Ridge, and that was of obvious consequence. The least important effect of the loss is that it will force a further withdrawal of the enemy. The British victory has raised the issue of the military, political, and economic advantages of the Lens-Lille district. The Germans are bound to make a stand in defence of Douai; but the position must be an arbitrary one. Most probably it stands in front of Vitry. The salient above Bullecourt will be evacuated, and east of Souchez the British have again opened a flank as on the Somme. Lens itself is left in a salient, as the "Bapaume" of the north. The latest advance is astride the Souchez stream towards Lens. The main objective is to outflank Givenchy and Vimy, which still remain in German hands, and

prejudice the stability of our hold on the northern slopes of the ridge. Lens will not resist so long as Bapaume. Farther south, the troops have seized Havrincourt Wood on the way to Cambrai, and have carried their lines farther in towards St. Quentin. There is again heavy artillery fire in Champagne and at Verdun. But the honors of the week are clearly with the British armies, and we may soberly say that their achievement is not incomparable with that of our Allies in the West.

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THE official figures for the casualties due to submarines are notable for the considerably smaller number of vessels attacked. During the last three weeks the arrivals and clearances at ports of the United Kingdom have been about 4,700 per week. But the number of vessels attacked during the week ending April 8th (the last reported) was only thirty-one, as against sixty the week before, and forty-seven the week before that. It is hardly possible that there should not be some significance in this fall of 50 per cent. from last week, but it is unwise in so critical a juncture as the present to do more than note an encouraging sign. Last week there were fifteen vessels of over 1,600 tons lost, one under 1,600 tons, and five fishing vessels. Ten vessels were unsuccessfully attacked, the same proportion as for the preceding week. The Italian reports note the arrival of ships of 470,560 tonnage, and the clearance vessels of 496,692 tonnage. There were five Italian steamships under 3,000 tons and ten sailing ships under 300 tons lost. It is necessary to remember that these figures take no account of neutral casualties, nor even of those of other Allied nations. The report of the Naval Committee of the French Senate includes a table showing the construction of merchant shipping in neutral and Allied countries. According to this, British shipbuilding has fallen during the war by 1,000,000 tons, and German construction has risen by almost 800,000 tons—a most serious fact. There is no evidence of construction in Allied or neutral countries in any way commensurate with the losses due to the submarine campaign.

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IT is now known that we have failed to cut off the Turkish troops who had over-run Persia and were retreating by the Khanikin road into Mesopotamia. The reasons of this are not far to seek. General Baratoff's force, mostly cavalry, was far too weak to deal successfully with the Turks, and some of the encounters with them were bitterly contested. General Maude had only enough troops for his needs, north and west of Baghdad, and to send a small force along the road to Khanikin. So it happened that when the Indian cavalry met the Russians at Kizil Robat, on April 2nd, the two Turkish divisions had evaded the Allied concentric movement, and were on their way to Kifri. The Turks conducted their retirement with much skill, but they had the advantage of first-rate defensive positions in the path of the Allies. They held Pia-Tak Pass and the hill position about Mensurie; and the Russians and the British were unable to break the resistance, although they knew that the Turks were evacuating men and material up the road to Kifri. It is somewhere in this direction, and on an arc due westwards across the Tigris, that the Turks are now concentrating for a counter-offensive.

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THE Russian Revolution is passing through the inevitable ordeal, and so far it surmounts its difficulties with good sense and goodwill. The root of the trouble is that neither the Provisional Government nor the Workmen's Council is fully representative, and neither will accept the other's pretensions. The Government was appointed by the Duma: it controls the Ministries, and it has been recognized by Russia's Allies. But it did not make the Revolution, and the workmen cannot forget that the Liberals in its first stages were sceptical and aloof. They thought, as M. Miliukoff candidly confessed, that it would be "crushed in a quarter of an hour." The Duma itself rested on an absurdly limited franchise, and the Government, which includes no Socialist (for even M. Kerensky belongs to the Peasant Group and not to the now dominant Social Democrats), is, on the whole,

probably much more Conservative than the mass of Russian opinion. The Workmen's Council made the Revolution, and naturally claims to control it. Further, there are differences of opinion—as to war-aims, as to the postponement of agrarian questions, and, above all, as to the postponement of the Constituent Assembly. Until this decisive body can meet, there is no undeniably representative authority in Russia. The hope of internal peace depends on its meeting promptly, but the conduct of elections must be very difficult during war. So it comes that the Socialists stand at once for an early peace and an early election.

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THE controversy over war-aims came to a head this week. M. Miliukoff gave to the Press an extreme definition of Russia's purposes, which included "the mastery of the Turkish Straits," cessions of German territory, the total dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, and the creation of a Tchecho-Slovak State. Two of his colleagues at once repudiated this statement. M. Kerensky had to go to the Workmen's Council, and promise it that an authoritative statement should presently be issued by the Provisional Government, stating that Russia aims at defence only. This statement followed promptly over the signature of the Premier, Prince Lvoff. It opened with a grave warning, which stated that the late Government had left the defences of Russia in a badly disorganized condition. A "new and decisive thrust" is threatened, and Russia must rally all her forces for defence. It then went on in the most definite language to repudiate all designs of expansion or annexation. The Russian nation does not aim "at occupying by force foreign territories," nor does it "lust after the strengthening of its power abroad at the expense of other nations," nor does it wish to "subjugate or humiliate anyone." But neither will it allow its own Fatherland to come out of the struggle humiliated or weakened.

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THIS proclamation has settled the question of aims, and the Socialists are now on this matter at one with the Government. The war will continue as a war of defence and recovery, and the claim to Constantinople is abandoned. M. Miliukoff's views are apparently not shared even by his own party. The "Cadets" (now known as the Party of National Freedom) have met in congress. They have adopted the Republican idea, and have expressed a wish for a constitution rather on the French than on the American model. Their resolution approved the foreign policy of the Provisional Government—*i.e.*, defence without annexations. The moral is that Russia is determined to recover her lost territory (leaving Poland independent). If she insists on any territorial change, it will only be on the restoration of the German and Austrian fragments of Poland. The Socialist pressure will work very strongly for an early peace, and so far we must note that wherever Socialists and Liberals began by differing (first as to the monarchy and then as to Constantinople), the Liberals have ended by adopting the Socialist standpoint. There will be no thought of a separate peace, or of the abandonment of the Allies, but Russia within the Alliance will assuredly make for moderation.

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THESE are the plain facts of the Russian situation as we gather them from the honest correspondents and from Russians in London. The "Times" presents a different version, and pursues the Workmen's Council with consistent animosity. No confirmation is to be had of its story that the Workmen's Council tried to arrest the Provisional Government. Their relations continue in spite of differences of opinion, and M. Kerensky frequently addresses the Council, as he would hardly do if it had tried to arrest him and his colleagues. The alleged attempt of the Council to negotiate "with Germany" means, we should guess, that it wishes to get into touch with the German Socialists. A rather ominous little incident was a review of the Cossacks, at which Sir George Buchanan assisted, and at which the "Times" correspondent made a speech. Reading

between the lines, one fears that the Russian Imperialists are looking to the Cossacks for support in the event of an open conflict with the Socialists. There is grave danger that the "Times" may create the impression that British Imperialism is attempting to use Russia for its own purposes. That Russia will be loyal and is loyal to the Alliance is beyond the shadow of doubt. But we must beware of making the Alliance too onerous. It must be a large war-gain which could balance the loss to the world from an untoward sequel to the Revolution.

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THE Prime Minister greeted America's entry into the war with a speech to the American Luncheon Club more elevated and less inflammatory than usual. He acclaimed the American intervention as finally stamping the war with the seals of Liberty and Democracy, and hinted that its end would find Germany a democratic country no less than Russia. This is excellent, for the preaching of liberty may even lead to its practice—here and elsewhere. The Hindenburg line, said Mr. George, wittily, was a line drawn along the territory of other people, and even across the Atlantic, but its true place was on the Rhine. He declared that the key to victory was in ships, almost in the same breath in which the Chief of the Staff was allowed to say that it was in soldiers. He rejoiced that America would take her place at the Peace Conference, there to help settle the destiny of nations for "ages," and he prophesied that the peace of "not perhaps a distant to-morrow" might abolish war "for ever." All this is in the proper line of moderation and democratic statesmanship.

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THE many promises of Liberal reform made by the German Chancellor have now been confirmed in a rescript by the Kaiser. It is, in the main, we doubt not, a reflection of the Russian Revolution, though the Chancellor's vaguer undertakings were of an earlier date. The document opens with a reference to the "reconciling power" of the war within Germany, and to the unanimity of the people "acting in bitter self-defence." This struggle inaugurates for Germany "a new age," and her political life must now be re-shaped "to make room for the free and willing co-operation of all members of our people." Coming to details, he states that preparatory study for the reform of the Prussian franchise began early in the war, and he now asks the Chancellor to lay before him definite proposals for legislation. There is no more room for the old system of election by classes. The Bill must also secure direct and secret election. Further, the House of Lords must be reformed. It must "unite in its midst in an extensive and more proportionate manner than hitherto, from the various classes and vocations of the people, men who are respected by their fellow-citizens." This seems to mean that it is to become a Representative House on a vocational basis.

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THE disappointing feature of the document is that reform is postponed until after the war. For this the Kaiser gives two reasons. He foresees controversy, and, further, he wishes that the returning soldiers shall share by their votes in the work of reconstruction. Regrettable as the delay is, the promise is too definite to be withdrawn. Even the Chancellor had never said clearly that the class franchise was to be abolished. That is now stated. It is possible that proposals for the constitutional reform of the Empire (as distinct from Prussia) are delayed till the Reichstag Committee reports. The German Press seems, on the whole, to regret the delay. "Vorwärts," now almost an official sheet, was very timid, but Herr Theodor Wolff in the "Tageblatt" was emphatic and outspoken. The Kaiser's promise is an immense and auspicious step towards Mr. Wilson's ideal of "making democracy secure" in Europe; but it is as yet only a promise which cannot have its full and due effect on the world's opinion until it is consummated.

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AMERICA is busily working out the plans for her effective contribution to the war. Congress has before

it this week a Bill authorizing a gigantic loan of a thousand millions sterling. Of this total no less than six hundred millions will be set aside as a credit for the Allies. It is proposed to raise by taxation a further sum—three hundred millions—this year (in addition to the loan) to defray America's own expenses. The ship-building plans are already in operation, and the building of a thousand wooden ships will be organized by General Evesethals, of the Panama Canal. A big army, eventually of a million men, will be raised and trained, and Mr. Wilson wishes to enlist by conscripting men under twenty-five, but there is no thought of sending it to France this year. Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to raise a small volunteer force for immediate service in France will probably be rejected, on the ground that every available officer is required to train the big expeditionary force. Grenades, gas-masks, steel-helmets, and other essentials of trench warfare have been ordered. The country seems to be as nearly unanimous and quite as enthusiastic as was Congress, though there will be a contest over conscription. The warmest feeling is for free Russia and for France (to whom the service of the Wars of Independence will now be repaid), but even the "Daily Mail" warns us that British Imperialism is regarded askance.

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THE United States is not the only American Republic which the U-boats have driven from their neutrality. An aggravated attack without warning on the big Brazilian ship "Parana" has been promptly resented, and the German Minister has received his passports. It is probable that this rupture of diplomatic relations will lead to further action. Argentina has also formally expressed her approval of the action of the United States, and she, too, may move in the current. Cuba and the little Central American States have all adopted various degrees of belligerency. Chili alone seems likely to remain permanently neutral. This movement may have one important consequence, the seizure, or at least the utilization, of the German ships interned in South America. It also makes it probable that some at least of these Republics will be represented at the Peace Conference, which will thus become a true World Congress.

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LORD BRYCE has wisely chosen the moment of America's entry into the war to publish in the "Manchester Guardian" the text of his admirable scheme for the creation of a League of Nations. It was drafted two years ago, and was widely circulated among influential people on both sides of the Atlantic. It is in several details a better scheme than that of Mr. Taft's League, but the agreement is very close. Indeed, the Taft scheme and that of the British "League of Nations Society" are really the outcome of the careful work of Lord Bryce's Committee. In two years, however, events may have led us to contemplate something a little more radical and comprehensive than a mechanism for preserving peace. Will the mechanism work, even as a mechanism, without some kind of permanent Executive? Can we secure peace by an abstract agreement to set up arbitration or conciliation, and enforce delay? Must there not be some general agreement on the threshold about the main causes of war, nationality, and trade? Is the basic idea of preventing war adequate, unless we also face the need of making changes in the world as they become due?

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As we were going to press we received the following message from Mr. Runciman, too late for inclusion in our correspondence columns:—

"That the Government should have suppressed the foreign circulation of THE NATION is almost incredible. I am anxious to know why the only British weekly review expressing Liberal and Radical opinions should be forbidden by the Government to convey them to our Allies, and, indeed, to all the world. The prohibition of a foreign circulation of last week's number is a real loss to our new relations with the United States. In any case you are entitled to claim the same treatment as is given to other independent critics of this Government or its predecessors."

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE BAN ON "THE NATION."

ON Thursday morning the 5th instant, the management of THE NATION was informed by its agents that its overseas circulation had been prohibited, and, therefore, that no copies could be despatched by them either to France, or America, or the Dominions, or to any neutral country. No warning or notice had been received by it, or by the editor. A letter was sent to the Censor asking what was the reason of this suppression. On Wednesday, the 11th instant, the following reply was received from the War Office:—

War Office,  
London, S.W.

63/6379 (M.I.9A).

April 7th, 1917.

GENTLEMEN,—I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that it has been found that matter published in your periodical, THE NATION, has been used by the enemy for the purpose of his propaganda.

Instructions have accordingly been issued that any copies which may be despatched either by you or by a newsagent to countries outside the United Kingdom are to be stopped.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient Servant,

(Signed) B. B. CUBITT.

The Proprietors, THE NATION,  
10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 1.

On the same day the editor sent the following reply:—

10, Adelphi Terrace,  
London, W.C. 2.

63/6379 (M.I.9A).

April 11th, 1917.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter, which, though dated April 7th, only reached this office on the 11th inst.

I gather from it that the Army Council have prohibited the sale of THE NATION to its overseas subscribers and purchasers, numbering many hundreds, because it "has been used by the enemy for the purpose of his propaganda." With reference to this statement, I would remind you that THE NATION has frequently complained of misquoted or falsified extracts from its columns in the German Press, and I must ask you whether the Army Council took this fact into consideration when they issued their prohibition?

I would, further, suggest that not only THE NATION, but the greater part of the British Press, and conspicuously "The Times" and its allied organs, have, in your phrase, "been used by the enemy for the purpose of his propaganda." I should be glad if you would state the reasons why THE NATION has been chosen for this differential treatment.

I would further point out to you that THE NATION circulates in the Dominions, in the Colonies, in Russia, and in America, to whose policy and attitude it has long directed special attention, and that it also circulates largely among the British Armies in France and elsewhere. May I inquire whether the Army Council consider that British soldiers and American citizens should be deprived of the use of THE NATION because certain German propagandists have, for their own purposes, used or abused it?

I am proposing to send to our overseas subscribers a notice to the effect that the paper has been prohibited by the Army Council.—Yours, &c.,

THE EDITOR.

The Secretary, War Office, London, S.W.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Army Council assumes responsibility for the suppression of the overseas circulation of THE NATION. But it would seem to be repudiated by the Prime Minister, for a *communiqué* to the "Daily Chronicle," which is obviously inspired, states that there is "no foundation" for the "odious imputation" that either the Prime Minister or the Government had anything to do with this "insensate prohibition," that the responsibility for it rested with the Intelligence Department of the War Office, and that neither the Cabinet nor the Foreign Office had been "consulted" or even "informed" on the subject.

We have, therefore, to ask whether the liberty of the

Press rests in the hands of the War Office, unchecked by the War Cabinet, and whether if, as the "Daily Chronicle" plainly suggests, the Prime Minister disapproves of action of which he was kept in ignorance, he proposes to maintain the edict on the overseas issue of this paper, including its despatch to America and to the British Armies.

### WORLD WAR AND WORLD SETTLEMENT.

THE area of our conflict widens, until the ranks of the peoples ranged against Germany stretch, if not from China to Peru, at least from China to Brazil. While the increase of the forces on which in the last resort our world-wide coalition may rely gives to us the firm assurance of success, it also warns us that the problems of statesmanship have widened far beyond the limits which any of us foresaw. Idealists in the early days of the war looked forward to the creation of something better, more closely united, more active to preserve peace, than the old Concert of Europe. But they did not dream of something larger. We realize now that it is a world-wide society which must be founded. The problem is no longer that which the Holy Alliance stated—to maintain peace and order on the basis of Christian civilization among peoples ruled by a brotherhood of monarchs in the Continent of Europe. It is to find an international basis for all the bigger issues of world-policy. The extension was really inevitable. For a generation the chief causes of strife between the great competing Empires had turned on economic and strategical questions, on colonization and the export of capital, in Asia and in Africa. These underlay our armed peace, and in the rivalry for the mastery of Turkey, the Turkish Straits, and the Balkan approaches to those Straits, they underlay this war. There is a grave danger that our inevitable preoccupation with military problems, while the war lasts, may find us at its close without ideas or plans for the harvesting of its results. Most of us are thinking nationally. Each people knows what immediate objectives attract it. But few are attempting to consider how from this mosaic of ambitions and claims the fabric of an enduring world-organization is to be created.

Mr. Wilson's address to Congress has raised a fundamental question on the very threshold of our entry into the international society. He has re-defined our object—to make democracy secure. He has further laid down the maxim that no autocratic State, no State dominated by a limited and secretive privileged class, could be trusted to keep its covenants or to act loyally within the League. It is commonly said about the Holy Alliance, that it was wrecked as a League of Peace because it interfered in the internal affairs and constitutions of the States that composed it. Mr. Wilson, we imagine, would answer that its error was rather that it interfered in obedience to the wrong principle. It was an aggressive missionary of legitimacy and authority. If his address is to be interpreted literally, we think it means that no decidedly undemocratic or anti-democratic State would be eligible for his League. We should all agree that there must be differentiation. No one would wish to accord the full rights of membership to such a State as Mexico. We should want to see big changes in Turkey before it was admitted. But no one in this country proposed to exclude Russia while it was still an autocracy, and if Germany had to be excluded, the League would certainly not be a League of Peace. A league of combat and defence it might be, but engaged as it would be in a long struggle with another rival combination, its first phase would be rather the effective organization of a world-conflict than the organization of world-peace. From that prospect the imagination recoils, and if it were forced upon us, we should see in it a confession of the bankruptcy of human wisdom. How much of our democracy would survive the ordeal? What chance would there be of the progress of democracy among our opponents? There are many considerations which should make us reluctant to accept this sharp line of discrimination. One of them is a very lively sense that the

Democratic States on our own side of the line have been far from living up to Mr. Wilson's ideal of an open and popularly controlled diplomacy. Another objection is a doubt whether the form of the State or the letter of the constitution really was the only influence over the forces that aligned the European Powers for war. Everywhere the pressure of interests seeking expansion overseas operated in much the same way in Empires and Republics, under responsible or irresponsible Ministries. Much can be truthfully said of the evil influence of the theocratic militarism of which the Kaiser was the symbol. It was a bad, and in the event a bloody, superstition. But it was not the only cause of the war.

It is possible, at length, to cherish the lively hope that we shall witness something like the development of democracy to which Mr. Wilson looks. The Kaiser himself has sketched a plan of democratic reform. We have never expected a revolution in Germany. The German Government, with all its sins, never inspired, even among its Socialists, the hatred and contempt which the Russian Government excited, as much by its inefficiency as by its tyranny. The Russian Revolution was possible only because the middle classes had been driven by the idiotic folly of the bureaucracy into an attitude of fundamental opposition. That cannot happen in Germany under a relatively Liberal Chancellor. The Kaiser, moreover, is personally popular, and his people now see in him the incarnation of their will to conquer or at least survive. Short of revolution, however, a democratic reconstruction is now a certainty. The Kaiser's memorandum to the Chancellor outlines a considerable reform of Prussia. The class franchise is abandoned, and with it the curious old-world method of public and indirect voting. The House of Lords (a body chiefly of landlords and officials, half-nominated, half-hereditary) is also to be altered, apparently on some such scheme of the proportional representation of callings, vocations, and trades, as some of our Fabians have proposed for our own Upper House. We hear it said that reform in Prussia is a domestic affair, which will not affect the Empire as a whole. That is a superficial view. Prussia always has been, and always must be, if only by its predominant population and wealth, the chief partner in the Empire. A Liberal Prussia means in the long run a Liberal Germany. All the current indictments of "Prussian" militarism rested on this fact. The Diet, though it is a local Parliament, has very large powers: it even may, and sometimes does, discuss foreign policy. It has, moreover, under its rule two of the three subject races of the Empire—the Poles and the Danes. The offices of German Chancellor and Prussian First Minister are necessarily combined in one man. Make the Prussian people sovereign, and by that change alone the German Imperial Government is profoundly affected. The reform of Prussia is not the only change we hope to see, but it is the largest and most necessary change. The Prussian Monarchy was an instrument of militarism, because Prussia, in Prince Bülow's words, was "a State of soldiers and officials." Democratize Prussia, and the Monarchy itself must become Liberal and constitutional.

There remains the big question of the German Chancellor's responsibility to the Imperial Reichstag. That issue will certainly be faced, and probably soon. His All-party Committee of the Reichstag, analogous to our own Speaker's Conference, is now considering it. Herr Zimmermann, the Foreign Secretary, has predicted that it will be solved by the creation of a true Cabinet system, with responsibility to the Reichstag, but with the rather odd reservation that the Chancellor shall hold office (as the Reichstag sits) for terms of four years. That would be an advance, and though it sounds to us somewhat risky, it might suit German conditions. It would mean that he would have a power comparable to an American President, and could not be dismissed by the Kaiser. The transformation required here is, on our reading of recent German history, rather one of theory than of work-a-day fact. Theoretically, the Chancellor is responsible to the Emperor alone. In fact, his chief task is to obtain and keep a working majority in the Reichstag. He must always bargain with its parties and groups. His Budgets and Bills are, in fact,

modified by the Reichstag (especially in the Committees) far more freely than those of a British Premier. The Chancellor cannot "turn on the Whips" or appeal to party discipline, for he is not himself a party chief. If the majority of the Reichstag refuses vital supplies or destroys vital Bills (as it did in 1907), the Chancellor must either resign or dissolve the Reichstag and face a general election. In that instance the election justified the Chancellor. This is not pure "autocracy," though it is not a smooth or good way of realizing the sovereignty of the people. Let us not, however, exaggerate the amount of constitutional change that is required. The Reichstag has large and real powers, if only because (as the Duma never had) it has control over supply. At any time it could, at the price of one or two elections, compel a change of constitution with no more disturbance than we suffered in our struggle with the Lords. The real difficulty is not one of paper constitutions. It is that the Reichstag rarely has a dominant will of its own or a coherent majority. For that there are two reasons. One of them is the existence of the isolated Clerical Centre, an immense, unshakable, unmoving party, into which voters are born and baptized, and which they rarely quit. The other is (or was) the unyielding tactics of Social Democracy, which stood in the way of its alliance with other progressive groups. Kings are really less important as the causes of reaction or war than is commonly supposed across the Atlantic.

The bad feature of these changes is that they are to be postponed until after the war. We, who can only bring the whole weight of criticism to bear when we have made our one indispensable change in Ireland, must see how this policy works out. The delay is not necessarily a sign of insincerity. The Kaiser mentions the fact that the study of the Prussian reforms began early in the war. His reference to their controversial character is not all an excuse. The worst obstacle to the reform of Germany is not the Monarchy, but the Junker class. It is a loyalist caste, but, like others of its type nearer home, it will fight for its privileges. Precisely because the Kaiser is not an "autocrat," the passage of these reforms through the unreformed Diet and the Herrenhaus is certain to be a difficult and stormy business. For that very reason, we should have said, if it were our affair, "Do it now, while patriotism forbids a desperate resistance." Delay means, we imagine, a reluctance to do anything which the Allies would hail as a sort of victory. Certainly we should hail it as a victory, but not for our arms. We should hail it as a victory for the cause of democracy, for the fraternity of European peoples, and for their future peace. The destiny of the world moves, we believe, towards an international co-operation so close that any nation which insists on retaining a form of government which seems to the rest obsolete and reactionary, will inevitably live isolated and under suspicion. No nation has in this matter the right to dictate to another. But we may very fairly say: "Here is a change on which in your own interests you are resolved. No other reason would be adequate. By making it now, you will be giving us guarantees which we shall recognize in the settlement. Our feeling is that in the world at large democracy will be more secure when the German people is self-governing."

The root of the matter is really the psychological necessity to create new contexts for our thoughts about each other. The war has sated us with its records of cruelty, outrage, and lawlessness. If there is to be goodwill, we must endeavor, hard as it is, to think of the German people in another context. We want to be able to think of it as the people which (in the Kaiser's own words) is beginning "a new era." The argument is of universal application. Let us, too, make a new context for the world's thoughts about us by liberating Ireland and restoring the reality of Parliamentary control. We are without delay altering our franchise: the example may even now influence Prussia. One must allow for the universal reluctance of the average man everywhere to do anything which will please his enemy. But in this

matter the Germans are probably acute enough to make a distinction. There are people in England who refuse to negotiate with the Hohenzollerns. Some of them are Republicans, or even democrats. But others are reactionaries who have resisted and delayed every democratic reform at home. With them their present cry is an adaptation of the old bitter-enders' formula about "dictating peace in Berlin." We cannot join it, for it seems to us that its natural and inevitable effect will be to cause a rally of the kind of hero-worshipping attachment to the Kaiser which he does not in the least deserve, but which may well bring into action a new wave of half-desperate loyalty. We who hope to see these reforms carried out at once are governed by different motives. We want as early a peace as we can honorably and safely attain by means of a negotiated settlement. We want after the peace a world in which a new Germany, moving in the new "orientation," of Mr. Wilson's great vision, will take its part. It is because we want these things, and know only too well how difficult of attainment they are, that we hope for the success of German Liberalism in hastening these reforms.

#### THE BATTLE OF VIMY RIDGE.

By one of the ironic coincidences that seem especially to lie in wait for Marshal Hindenburg's pronouncements, his bombastic speech to the representative of a Barcelona newspaper has been published side by side with the news of a great British success. "The Western Front," he said, "has become so strong that it can withstand any attack." The most brilliant battle fought by the British in any theatre during the war supplies the appropriate commentary. Indeed, not only is this our most successful British fight; it is, with one possible exception, the greatest victory over the German troops secured by any army in one day during the war. The front of the advance is not so long as that of the French Champagne offensive, and the number of prisoners is not so great as that secured by the French on that occasion, or in the great recoil at Verdun. But in the depth of advance, and the importance of the objectives secured, taken together with the number of prisoners and guns captured, it is probably the greatest one-day defeat ever inflicted on the Germans.

It can hardly be said to have been a complete surprise to the enemy. How Hindenburg could describe the Western Front as strong enough to "withstand any attack" when he had just admitted the urgency of the tactics and the correctness of the strategy of the Battle of the Somme by retreating to St. Quentin, is difficult to understand. But with two flanks expecting attack, with his obvious nervousness as to one of them, and his precautionary retention of the strategic reserve in Germany for safety's sake, it is almost incredible that he should have been so injudicious. It seems characteristic, too, that he should have misjudged the flank that was the more open to victorious assault. He has, time after time, attempted to better his positions west of Verdun, and the repeated attacks in Champagne pay their obvious compliment to our Ally. But the more vital flank, the pivot which has so much more extrinsic value, is the one which has been first shaken by victorious assault. Nowhere else in occupied France is there a centre of such importance as Lille. Its sensitive filaments control Flanders and the territory south as far as Cambrai; and the British have struck their first successful blow against the German position at Lille. But Lille is as yet a distant prospect, though it may not be very distant.

The immediate gains of the battle are so considerable that the enemy cannot ignore them. The country between Arras and Lens has been more bitterly contested than any part of French territory, except the small strip north of Verdun. It was here that Pétain served his apprenticeship in the tactics which were to defend the Meuse position. The outlying bastion of Lens and Douai, and ultimately of Lille, was the Vimy Ridge, a position so strong by nature and artifice that it had

resisted four attacks earlier in the war. That crossed, the plain of Douai lay open. The position had the further and adventitious importance of being the northern pivot upon which the German retreat was depending. This was obviously its attraction for Sir Douglas Haig. The Germans had carried out their retreat largely unmolested by the Allies. It was only when the main armies had retired, that the French, with great insight, forced their way up the right bank of the Oise and weakened La Fère and St. Quentin. But the safety of a further retirement demanded that the flanks should remain firm. The northern flank was already beginning to assume the form of a salient last week. The British plans were well hidden by the screen of aeroplanes which now play the part that was at one time the rôle of cavalry, and the terrible air fights of last week prepared the way for the battle which opened on Monday. It is possible that the Germans were about to straighten their line in the neighborhood of Arras. Sir Douglas Haig struck with tremendous force, and the plans of the enemy, whatever they were, went to pieces. Vimy Ridge, all but the northern end, was captured on the first day. The whole of it was cleared on Tuesday, and the British, who had shared Arras with the Germans, were five miles to the East. The Arras-Cambrai road was opened, and the flank of Lens undermined. The British are still ten or eleven miles from Douai; but to have advanced a third of the distance in two days is a great achievement. Besides the positions captured, our troops secured 11,000 prisoners, including 235 officers, the effectives of considerably more than one of the new German divisions. The total casualty list at this rate must be nearly four or five divisions. They also captured over 100 guns, including a number of heavy howitzers. This, and the fact that a whole brigade staff was taken, mark the completeness of the tactical victory. Best of all, we are assured that our own losses are not heavy.

There are many instructive features about the battle. So far as we can judge, it marks a level of tactical ability higher than any shown by our troops before, and almost equal to that of our Allies. If we are not mistaken, this is the first occasion of a brigade being taken practically *en bloc*. And the strategic choice was subtle and sure. For if the victory can be pressed home and Douai secured, the only double-track railway and the main road between Lille and Cambrai will be cut. Even the immediate gains must influence the defence of Cambrai. Completely successful, the victory might even cut off the Flanders from the central German armies. But it is precisely for this reason that the enemy is bound to resist to the utmost. He may even launch a counter-offensive, though that would be almost an act of desperation. For already the long battle front from Arras to the Aisne has been extended by ten miles, and it is the extension of the line of battle which the Allies desire. There have been rumors of fighting towards La Bassée. Sooner or later that must come. There has been a weak German raid towards Ypres, but it seems to have had little significance. For the present it is a necessity for the Germans to regain control of the situation. But with the enemy's loss of many guns, and the freedom of movement for our own artillery, that should not be an easy task.

The battle sways now from the north of the Vimy Ridge to the Aisne. The enemy has been followed up much too rapidly for his convenience about St. Quentin. He is clearly unready to fall back as yet; but the summons is becoming more imperative. Hitherto we have only been able to hustle him a little in his retreat. Now, about Arras, we begin to threaten him in earnest. It remains to be seen whether he is capable of delivering a sufficiently strong counter-attack to check our advance thoroughly. That he must attack is certain; but since retirement was sooner or later to be carried out, he will probably accept the situation, much to our moral gain, and restrict his endeavors to impeding our progress. But we have already gained a significant victory. The prisoners, guns, and material probably represent *net* gain. And we have seriously disturbed the military complacency of the Germans. We have on several occasions pointed out that the impregnability of positions is a fiction. The Battle of Vimy Ridge proves it.

## THE WAR OFFICE UKASE.

"As a result of the policy which you adopted after the Boer War, a small nation that fought against you not many years ago with a vigor and a persistency seldom seen in the history of the world is to-day fighting in a common cause with you. That result has been brought about by your reversion to the old ideal of liberty, which has been the guiding principle of British history, and I am sure that when you see the great changes that are to follow this cataclysm, you will find that that spirit is the only sure foundation to build upon in your future."—General Smuts.

In common with most Englishmen, we supposed that soldiers, at least in this country, have always been not the masters of the people but their servants, and that, even in a time of war, the guardianship of liberties rested with the civil powers. It seems that we were mistaken. In obedience to a Ukase of the War Office, the publishing agents of THE NATION last week informed us that its overseas sale had been forbidden. We are unaware of the precise section of the Defence of the Realm Act which covers this invasion of the freedom of the Press, but we have little doubt that some weapon can be forged from that overflowing armory of repression. The action of the Army Council in prohibiting the sale of THE NATION to American citizens, Russian Revolutionists, British soldiers abroad, and the people of our Dominions, does indeed raise an issue which has long been inherent in our conduct of the war. Our rulers have, in the main, fought this war of liberty with a tied Press. They have inevitably, and quite properly, set a watch on the publication of news. But they have also labored to discourage or forbid the criticism which, in the words of one of the greatest of Englishmen, "freely magnifies that which hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better." The sensational Press has been allowed to escape the first of these bans. THE NATION has now come under the second. We are given to understand that the action we report elsewhere is a military one, taken without reference to the Prime Minister or the higher civil councils of the Government. This explanation is not surprising. It marks the usual end to attempts to fix responsibility on this administration. Like the diatom, its particles either live in complete freedom from each other or in "a gelatinous mass." But it is fair to say that on the rare occasions on which they do come together, the soldiers are usually on the top.

However, if the authority behind this action is obscure, the effect is clear enough. It is a blow at opinion. THE NATION is not a newspaper, and the facts with which it deals have already been passed and accredited by the Censor. We are not told whether the views which we may circulate at home, though not abroad, are military or political or ethical. We have yet to learn whether we appraised Mr. Wilson's policy too highly or greeted with undue warmth the rising of the sun of Russian liberty, and the extinction of the kingdom of darkness it destroyed. We are merely informed that the enemy has used material in THE NATION "for the purpose of his propaganda." The anathema is comprehensive to the point of vagueness. We imagine that each belligerent country "uses" its enemy's Press. Our enemy placarded the "War-Map" of the "Evening News," which proclaimed the triumph of German arms from Antwerp to Baghdad, in the colors of the rainbow and the language of the dwellers in Mesopotamia. We give similar advertisement to the candor of a Harden or the brutality of a Reventlow. As with journalists, so with statesmen. The German Government employed Mr. George's metaphor of the "dog-fight" to re-paint its own picture of the war as an enterprise of extermination. Our rulers, with only too good reason, read German polity in the light of the excesses of the German Command. THE NATION has always claimed a humbler part in these interchanges of verbal war. It has aimed at maintaining a measure of objective truth in its examination of the work of our commanders and armies of the East and the West, and at giving each incident its due value and proportion in the vast and intricate scheme of conflict. And it has sought to conduct a criticism of policy which would

leave the ideal aims of the war unstained by a baser admixture, until, through their refining and modifying influence, its passion could pass into a peace of general settlement. It is impossible for us to say whether the expression of these views, guarded as it has been, has had a worse or a better effect on German opinion than the views of Lord Northcliffe. We merely emphasize the ironical effect of an edict which, on the theory that it is bad for the Germans, would deny it entry into the minds of our soldiers in France and of our Allies in the United States.

Undeniably, however, this general presentment of the case of the Allies is distasteful to the Government, or to that section of it which wears red tabs. The prohibition of it is, in effect, a notice of the military that, if it permits a Press at all, it must be a Ministerial or an ultra-Jingo Press, which marches to the goose-step prescribed it from Whitehall. The Censorship has not been content to restrain the excesses of one kind of journalism or to guide the imprudence or qualify the ignorance of another. It has sought to establish a super-editorship of the Press, so as to mould its will and intelligence into agreement with the official pattern. This supervision has worked so effectually that the great danger of our statesmanship is that in the hour when it most needs a public opinion to help or to restrain it, it will discover that it has put the mind of the nation in fetters. Thanks to the Censorship, the larger problems of the war and the settlement lie almost undiscovered and unexplored. Take the Russian Revolution. It is the greatest event in human history since 1789. Yet every sign of its arrival was hidden from the public eye. The Press was taught to keep silence under the crimes and follies of the ex-Tsar, from the betrayal of Poland to the tyranny in Galicia. A stream of hints and admonitions, maintained up to the verge of the outbreak in Petrograd and even afterwards, schooled it into doing nothing to disturb the repose of a Government that was losing the war and ruining Russia. Well, the movement to Russian freedom was not stayed by the attempt to treat it as if it did not exist. Nor can a censorship conceived in this spirit be other than a cloak of error in policy and of injustice and inefficiency in administration.

Now THE NATION is not the only victim of the embargo on literary exports. If Liberalism is one form of contraband, Free Trade is another. Mr. Hirst's new journal, "Common Sense," which is mainly devoted to the economic principles of Bright and Cobden, stands on the War Office list. The same soldiers' veto stops Mr. Lowes Dickinson from speaking to Europe on "The European Anarchy," and the Union of Democratic Control from spreading the doctrine of open diplomacy, to which Mr. Wilson has just added a hundred million American adherents. In all, sixty-six publications have come under their edict, which is as variable as the Papal Index and about as intelligent. While it subsists, with its indirect and calculated effect of intimidation, there can be no such thing as public opinion either on the war or on the peace. The problem of the settlement is merely referred to the Government, the military chiefs, and the sensational Press, to the exclusion of the people who have shed their blood on a hundred fields, or poured their wealth like water into the State Treasuries. Yet we should have supposed that a British Government which is a bureaucracy, the choice neither of the constituencies nor of Parliament, would be well advised to keep open the path of freedom in thought and expression. The times are grave; the physical and moral stress under which we and all the nations lie increases in severity; the Russian Revolution has quickened a new birth of feeling and desire to re-conquer and replenish the world's lost store of happy and secure living. That is not the sort of society to put under the soldier's mechanical mind, with Prussianism as its rude model and a shallow journalism as its interpreter. So far as THE NATION is concerned, we are content to leave our case in the hands of right-thinking men. We have applied an honest judgment to the war, and shall maintain it in complete disregard of any penalty that the Government may attach to it.

## THE STATE AND THE DRINK TRADE.

THE War Cabinet is getting to grips with the drink question. So much the Prime Minister's statements to recent deputations make clear. Its policy is still fluid, but a firm decision is, we hope, imminent. The question presses, not so much for the reasons that have placed it in the front of social problems, but for its unavoidable connection with war arrangements. It is urgent, not because of any substantial increase in intemperance—for the nation, despite high wages, has been sober during the war—but because the drink problem is inextricably bound up with questions of food supply, transport, fuel, and labor. It is this fact which makes possible methods of action which would hardly pass in ordinary times. Mr. George stated no policy, but we have a right to assume that the Government's decision will rest upon a full and long view of national advantage and need. That hint reassures us. Two conditions are essential. First, it must be a policy which appeals to average opinion, and especially to organized labor; and, secondly, it must be founded on the lines of a permanent advance.

How far are these conditions met in the policies submitted to the Prime Minister by the recent deputations? There were two proposals, and they stand alone. One was for total prohibition during the war and for a certain period afterwards (usually, but somewhat casually, defined as the period of demobilization—a vague, but certainly prolonged period); and the other was for State purchase and control. The former plan instinctively appeals to many people. It seems simple; it is certainly (granted certain assumptions) logical, and it has behind it powerful, if limited, support. It has, indeed, the glamor of the short-cut. But is it practicable? To what extent is public opinion behind it? We have the utmost respect for the public-spirited men and women who have organized and supported the "war prohibition" movement; we admire their enthusiasm; but do they really represent the millions of people whose habits and tastes will be most directly affected by the summary suppression of the sale of drink? The matter, as Mr. George is cautious enough to see, cannot be left with the middle classes. The workmen and workwomen must decide. We agree with Mr. George that "it would be madness for any Prime Minister in the middle of a war to put forward a proposal in direct defiance of practically the whole of organized labor in this country." Now, so far as observation and evidence go, organized labor is overwhelmingly opposed to prohibition. The personnel of the respective deputations was significant. The prohibitionist deputations were composed almost exclusively of distinguished citizens, including several suffragan bishops, and of the officials and representatives of long-established prohibitionist organizations. One looks in vain for the names of the leaders of labor. On the other hand, the delegation which favored State purchase, while certainly not less representative of citizenship and of the churches, contained a strong representation of organized labor, who gave warning of the hostility of labor to prohibition. Obviously, their speeches made a deep impression on Mr. George's mind. Organized labor is practically solid for State purchase and control. As Mr. Ben Turner reminded the Prime Minister, "practically every trade congress and trade council in the United Kingdom, and nearly every trade organization that had had the question brought before it, had gone for State purchase." This consideration must not only guide, but determine, national policy. The workmen are not opposed to restrictions; no section of the community, as labor leaders well know, has a more vital interest in the proper regulation of the sale of drink. Nor is their opposition to prohibition a mere plea of self-indulgence. Labor has had an overflowing share of the sacrifices demanded by the war. The opposition of the industrial classes to prohibition is deeper rooted. They resent what seems to them a needless interference with personal tastes and liberty, and especially the imposition by middle-class sentiment of an ordinance which affects them disproportionately. This attitude may seem illogical, and even irrational.

But it is the traditional and characteristic attitude of the average working man, and statesmen must reckon with it. The argument of "Bread v. Beer" does not meet it, for, whatever the chemist or the physiologist may say, tradition and custom have for centuries placed beer in the category of foods.

But apart altogether from the hostility of organized labor, would the immediate adoption of prohibition mean a permanent advance towards the settlement of the drink question? Plainly, Mr. George—and we agree with him—does not think so. Prohibition is avowedly, so far at least as the ablest of the supporters of the "Strength of Britain" movement are concerned, a temporary expedient put forward to meet a temporary emergency, and subject to repeal at the termination of the war, or, at latest, when the formidable work of demobilization is complete. The United Kingdom Alliance may have other ideas and expectations. But that is the accepted condition of the demand. The limitation is inevitable. No reasonable person supposes that prohibition would be tolerated permanently. We doubt if it could be maintained during the period of demobilization. The Prime Minister evidently shares this doubt. As he told the deputations last week: "If nothing were done now to acquire complete and absolute control over the trade, he feared that when demobilization came, there would be an irresistible demand to put the trade back practically where it had been before. That would be a national disaster. He personally wanted the strong hand of the State to be there instead of a powerful interest, which had already beaten them in the past." Good citizens everywhere will unite in that desire. It will be appalling if, when the war is over and the gigantic tasks of re-organization and of re-adjustment are before us, we are plunged into debate and controversy over drink regulations and drink interests. But that disaster is unavoidable under a policy of "war-time prohibition." Moreover, the controversy would not take its accustomed forms. It would be accentuated and aggravated by the play of conflicting demands on the part even of those who now call for drastic action, and by the novelty of a situation in which we should have no experience to guide us. To regulate and control an existing drink trade is a heavy enough task, but to restore and to re-establish a trade which had been temporarily suspended would be a task of infinite difficulty and the greatest political embarrassment. This is a consideration which the advocates of war-time prohibition do not appear to have taken into account.

Is it necessary to incur these difficulties and dangers to gain the end which all good citizens desire? If the object be to give the State supreme control over the drink trade, we see no way of achieving it short of State purchase and direct control. We, too, want "a nation free and unfettered," but we despair of securing it in any other way. Prohibition, so far as it is locally practicable, will not be impeded by State purchase. It will, in fact, be facilitated. Local veto depends for its opportunity upon two things: the education of public opinion, and a "clean slate." Both these conditions are necessary. Public opinion cannot work when the way of advance is blocked by established interests. Prohibitionists, more than any other school of reformers, want the cleared path which State purchase would provide.

## ON "SHORTENING" THE WAR.

THE War Office has made another of its periodical clamors for men, and has succeeded in passing into law the new Military Service Act. It is the most unpopular measure the war has brought forth; yet Lord Derby bluntly informs us that "larger and more drastic measures" are to come. We have no reason to complain of his call for more soldiers, nor to censure Sir William Robertson for rounding off the claim by demanding "half a million men between now and July." We dislike and despise this policy of placing the soldier in the front of the political firing line, which is not his post, instead of at the War Council. But it is his business to demand

colossal armies. We have only to insist that the Government should examine with the greatest care both the special reasons for his claim and the general military situation.

What are the facts? Lord Derby admits that there are such things as vital industries. But we find no evidence either in his speech or in that of the Chief of Staff that the governing factors of the situation are even comprehended. Germany is now putting all her resources into the submarine campaign, and everything turns upon its success. We have so far been unable to do more than place a certain check upon its action, and the losses it has inflicted on shipping have already produced a marked shortage of food. It is against this fact that we must set and measure the demand for half a million men for the Army in the next four months. With much more reason those who are responsible for the production and transport of food might claim half a million men for the culture of the land and the transport of produce. They have succeeded in securing some relief for the fields; but they are powerless to obtain anything like the tale of men they require. And they are not alone in calling for men. On the occasion on which Sir William Robertson made his new demand, Sir John Jellicoe said we required "large numbers of small craft" to deal with the submarine campaign, and he insisted upon the necessity of a special effort to build smaller craft, and to replace the lost shipping. The whole war, says Mr. George, is ships—ships—ships. If Sir William Robertson is to have his half a million men, it is precisely from ship-building and kindred vital industries that they must be drawn. It is, we suppose, hopeless to plead for the export trade, and to suggest that necessary imports must be paid for. But no one can ignore the need for food. And the provision of food includes work on the fields, internal transport, the building of ships, both great and small, both for the import of foodstuffs and for their safeguard on the journey. The able-bodied men whom the Army wants can only be obtained from these necessary, "vital" industries.

The War Office builds its plans on the presumption that a decisive defeat of the German armies upon land will end the war, and that such a decision may be secured in the immediate future. When the situation is thus baldly described, it is seen to be much of the nature of a gamble. No one can imagine that a defeat upon land will raise the submarine blockade. Unless Germany is utterly defeated, the submarine campaign will go on. Does anyone imagine that Germany would give in, even were we to drive her armies out of Belgium and France, if she thought she had almost reduced us to starvation? The real peril of the situation is that if the Army is allowed to sweep up all the men it claims, the food shortage may be brought to that point far more speedily and successfully than by anything Germany can do by her submarines. We know the limits of their achievement. Grave as the situation is, it may be redeemed if the Government will realize that this is now the dominant factor. Sir William Robertson's statement that "the failure to get these men (half a million by July) will undoubtedly involve a prolongation of the war" is sincere enough. The danger is that his success in getting them may only "shorten" it in the sense of forcing this country and her Allies to accept an unfavorable peace.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I AM interested to hear from the War Office that the issue of THE NATION to British soldiers, Colonists, and overseas Allies, is forbidden, on the ground that it has been used by the German propaganda. The Intelligence Department of the War Office cannot, of course, be expected to know that a German office has existed since the war for the single purpose of quoting

or garbling every sentence or sentiment in a British newspaper that can be twisted to serve its ends. I suppose that tens of thousands of such extracts have been made, the most liberal contributors to these German "Keepsakes" being, of course, the "Times" and its sisterhood. I should call the "Morning Post" a good second, yet I have heard of no embargo on its violent attacks on Denmark, or on "Punch's" gibes at Mr. Wilson, or on Mr. Bottomley's proposal to hang Mr. Asquith. These, it appears, are all approved brands of literary exports, which so admirably typify the national taste in war polity and domestic statesmanship.

BUT let me illustrate the normal working of this German propaganda, against which, of course, there can be no absolute protection, short of the total suppression of the British Press—and the British orator. For example, I take a selection from the most recent arrival of German newspapers. I only find THE NATION quoted once, and then in conjunction with the famous military critic of the "Journal des Débats," Henri Bidou. The other quotations were from:

- (1) The "Manchester Guardian" and the "Times" ("Frankfurter Zeitung"), to show that the retreat on the Ancre had caused anxiety in England.
- (2) The "Petit Parisien" and "Temps."
- (3) The "Daily Telegraph" (Wolff), as to the misleading nature of the Board of Trade's statistics which disguise the shipping situation. Figures were quoted to correct the error.
- (4) "New Statesman," as to our necessity of concluding peace if the "sinkings go on at present rate."
- (5) "Times" and "Morning Post," on the potato shortage.
- (6) "Corriere della Sera," on the weakness of our advance against the new Hindenburg line.

I have not heard from the editors of any of these journals that they have been included in the prohibition which has been extended to THE NATION.

THE Russian Revolution approaches the point which will test the dual character of its government. It is false to suggest that the two bodies that share power—the Provisional Government and the Workmen's Councils—have fallen asunder. On the whole, Girondins and Jacobins are working well together. But of the two forces, the weaker is the regular Government, and it is this want of strength and definiteness as well as the absence of a mandate which give urgency to the call for the early election of a Constituent Assembly. That in turn is a tremendous operation. You could not well divide up Russia into a smaller number of constituencies than would yield, say, one member to every 700,000 inhabitants or to about 120,000 voters. What would such an electoral plan be likely to yield? In policy few doubt the proclamation of the Republic. What alternative exists? The Constituent Assembly will probably present a gradually sliding scale of Octobrists, Cadets, Progressives, Radical, and Labor (or agrarian) Groups, Socialist-Democrats and Social Revolutionaries, with a predominating Radicalism. A Monarchical majority can hardly emerge from such a grouping. Nor can you have a Constitutional Monarchy without a Monarch. The Romanoffs are barred, and there is no rival dynasty. Then there is the question of a programme. A measure of land naturalization (coupled with purchase) is probable, and all sections might agree upon it.

MEANWHILE, what of the ex-Tsar? Free Russia probably regards him as an article for export rather than for internal consumption. In that case, Switzerland or Denmark might be chosen as places of residence. But there is an obvious objection to giving the Autocrat and his suite a convenient centre of intrigue on the Continent. The alternative is these islands, that refuge of the rejected among kings. But a powerful and even pas-

sionate feeling exists against admitting the man whose throne is soaked with his country's best blood. How is he to come? As the guest of our own King, or as a refugee? The second position easily slides into the first. The Tsar is not wanted here, and if the Government is wise it will exclude him.

OUR journalism supplies a queer measure of the worth of our overseas statesmanship. Mr. Hughes (of Australia) visits these shores, and delivers a series of discourses, whose empty echoes have long since died away into fitting and lasting silence. In the interval the Press acclaims him as an Empire-savior, and proposes gently to ravish him for our service from the clinging arms of Australia. Australia promptly releases him, but by that time our own hero-worship has cooled. Now, General Smuts, fresh from a thrilling experience of victory in arms and diplomacy, re-states with singular tact and distinction the doctrine of Imperial Liberalism (not quite the same thing as Liberal Imperialism) which won him and South Africa for the Empire. And our sapient newspapers for the most part ignore this wise and far-looking counsel. But I think it has sunk into some thoughtful breasts, and will remain there, as a seed of wisdom, till the time of settlement brings it to fruit.

An Irish friend sends me the following:—

"There is here, and has been all along, a very general scepticism as to the reality of the attempt at settlement, with the fear, at the same time, of a scamped scheme, framed to put a good face on things for a time. The Southern Unionists are in a reasonable state of mind through dread of partition—a real dread, I believe, and not assumed for the purpose of wrecking. But with or without their hostility, so far as establishing friendly relations between the two countries concerned, no scheme involving partition will ever go through. Nor will any scheme coming from the Government be a success, unless the Ulster position is frontally attacked. To reduce the Irish problem to its real dimensions two preliminary steps must be taken:—

- "(1) Recant the cant that the coercion of Ulster is unthinkable, and restore the ordinary constitutional attitude towards a substantial minority.
- "(2) Withdraw from Ulster the English aristocratic support which developed her opposition and most shamefully fanned into a blaze its dying fanaticism for the sake of the English party game.

"When those two steps are authoritatively taken, Ulster can be handled by reasonable people."

I CAME across a rather cheerful change in a Russian passport which was made out the other day since the fall of the Tsar. A thick black line had been drawn across the accustomed invocation—"Par oukaze de Sa Majesté Nicholas II., Empereur et Autocrate de toutes les Russies." In their stead, in ordinary script, were written the words, "Par ordre du Gouvernement provisoire de Russie."

I AM so much taken by Mr. Simonis's exhaustive history of "The Street of Ink," and his lively pictures of the vast population he rescues from its gloomy depths, that I am a little jealous for the fame of some inhabitants of whom he says very little. After all, Fleet Street has other dwellers than editors and managers. There are the men of letters who largely made the "new journalism" by impressing it with their style and their criticism of life. Who were they? Well, they were mostly Shaw, Wells, Belloc, Henley, Chesterton. I put Shaw (as a journalist) at the head of them all, for he brought the best gift—the spirit of critical independence, joined to the closest care in writing. Yet Mr. Simonis can only spare him one line of his book and a simple classification as "A Star Man." "Corno di Bassetto" was certainly an instrument of much expressiveness. But Mr. Shaw's dramatic work for the "Saturday" of Frank Harris was more durable and important than his musical articles in the "Star." Therefore, when Mr. Simonis issues the next edition of "The Street of Ink," I hope he will add a chapter on the new journalism (in the French sense) which followed on the death of the old.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### SOME REFLECTIONS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

The first impression of a soldier as he gropes his way back into civil interests is that England is about to be reconstructed by secret committees; the second, that there is no very great likelihood of its being reconstructed at all. Not that the committees are to blame! They can only bake the dough that is given them—play the game with the pieces on the board. And sometimes one feels a reflection, not on them, but on the vacancy that one knows to be one's own mind and suspects to be one's neighbors', that they are not given very much. Perhaps that is unfair, the perversity of resolute disillusionment. But is it? It depends upon what one expects. One has only oneself to blame if one goes up in a balloon and drops with a bump. Certainly one has no right to make skittles out of the reform that good men drag through acres of social barbed wire, under the fire of pertinacious snipers. But one has a duty to be responsive and receptive, to let them know that we are only waiting the word to jump to attention, to say with the *poilu* in Claudel's poem, as readily in the peace that is coming as in the war that will one day end, "Tant que vous voudrez, mon Général, O France, tant que tu voudras." One has a feeling that in England there is still a good deal of unregenerate obstinacy in the air, even when, with the right wind, one can catch the solemn reminder from Flanders, the distant voice of the guns. No! not obstinacy, acquiescence; abundant goodwill which is fancied or expectant but hardly kindled as yet to the immense opportunity of revolutionary action. Somehow out there one thought the country, and more than one country, was going to be so different from what it had been in that incredibly remote age when only old people and the children of the poor died in large numbers, a little horrified not so much at what it had been made by war as at what it had made itself in peace, made conscious by suffering of its mission, waiting only for the cessation of the tumult to devote itself, a band of brothers, to the expression in its daily business, its social organization, of the kind of principles which drew thousands of young men, like a magician's wand, to hasten towards death, as though they saw eternal life across the next field. Or, if one did not think it, one felt it—felt it because it seemed incredible that anything could justify what we saw and did but an absolute self-surrender, a kind of solemn re-dedication of one's own spirit and the nation's. "If it is right to do these things for the sake of the principles they talk about, how much else that they do not talk about must be right as well?" If we, and the cheery patriots who praise us, believe in them, what a world to rebuild at home! If we do not, they're his to justify murder. A bad look-out for us, if they're that! Shall we ever feel clean again?"

Sentimental? Perhaps. Not unnatural, though; not wholly absurd. War is an uncompromising kind of business, which does not leave men with much heart to calculate nicely the length to which they'll push abstract ideas or the precise application they'll give them. Right, not power, freedom for weak as for strong, the moral law in public affairs, statesmen turned the phrases into the air at Mansion House dinners, thinking of this or that, Belgium or Serbia, or international treaties, and they settle as seeds in the minds of men who employ them (as in Russia) in all kinds of ways undreamed of by their authors. One reflects on the lads who went over the top with one, a little solemn, perhaps, like Church Parade, but cheerful—distinctly more cheerful—and the remnants that crawled back, or didn't crawl back, an hour or two later; or on the antagonists—brave men, as brave as we were—we had to shoot. Does anything justify this? One hopes so. Whatever anyone may say, to kill and be killed is dreadful. There is, at any rate, a *prima facie* appearance of finality about corpses, whether of friends or enemies, which may be illusory, but which is, nevertheless,

less, rather appalling to anybody except the daily Press, which is as brave as Achilles and as inexorable as Rhadamanthus, though not always as just. Still, if one believes that the free development of men and their societies, freedom to do their duty, is the most precious thing in the world, what religious people call, or called, "the will of God," one can kill for the sake of it without compunction or malice, as one might send a stamping, roaring child upstairs, not in anger, but because he wasn't fit, till he changed his mind, for the kind of society into which he had strayed. But even, if one believes that, and will fight for that, how much more musn't one believe, how much more mustn't one fight for as well? What if, when the child is safely shut upstairs, his elders go on stamping and roaring themselves?

There is something in the image of the Sower on the only beautiful modern coin which uplifts the heart by the delightful abandonment of its gesture. It is the suggestion of disinterested passion, not invented for the purposes of war, but exalting war because it had penetrated the soul of society before war began, so that men fell at Valmy or Wattignies in the spirit that was transforming their social life and is the living inspiration of France to-day. They were justified by their sincerity, because they triumphed not only over their antagonists, but over themselves, as Russia is triumphing now. But if a nation is brave only in the war and timid in peace, prodigal of its lives and parsimonious of its comfort, if it leaves its chivalry and spiritual disinterestedness on the field of battle, with the fragments of carnal humanity, won't it be judged by the very ideals it has itself erected and for which it has called upon its children to die? Dare one hope for the victory without the self-surrender? One has a feeling that one day we may be asked awkward questions by ghosts who thirty years' hence will be in the prime of life, or death, whichever it is: "Hullo, chum! Not seen you since the push. So we floored the Gerries! And then?" What then? That is the question.

A long way from reconstruction committees? Perhaps not so long as it seems. There is a No-man's-land between past and future, as well as between other antagonists, in which the longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home. Committees, even that august body the High Court of Parliament, are like those ingenious instruments which collect moisture out of the atmosphere—condensers, aren't they? Some do the job better than others, and this Parliament—but *de mortuis*. The relative efficiency of different kinds of condensers is, no doubt, important. But it is a small matter compared with the grand question, "How much is there in the atmosphere to condense?" And it is the same with committees. They condense the good will in that elusive atmosphere, the public mind, catch and conduct its electricity. It is the electricity that matters, not the conductor.

The foundation of reconstruction must be some kind of conversion of the public mind. Intellectually, one is inclined to think it will be a world of second-best after the war, for so many of the best will be dead. If there is to be any real reconstruction, it will be enough for those of us who are left to do the kind of things we used to do before the war in the kind of spirit which possessed us before the war. The first condition of it is that we should recognize that what we did was ineffective, because the spirit in which we did it was wrong. What is necessary is not to proceed more rapidly along the road on which we were travelling before, but to stand still and collect ourselves in order that we may proceed along a different road. It is not a question, as some good people seem to suppose, of restoring pre-war conditions, as though the world had been an Eden of peace and contentment, and industry, and education, the ideas which, in world of 1917, that we must aim, as Russia has shown, at reconstructing. And it is not a question of making the minimum changes needed to meet the new situation into which we have been flung. It is to apply to our domestic organization, to politics, and local government, and industry, and education, the ideas which, in the brilliance of our material success, we had allowed

to be overlaid, but which, when challenged by their opposite, we found to be those for which we were prepared to die. Proud Germany has horrified us not merely because her particular ambitions were inconsistent with our own ambitions. She has horrified us because we recognized in the Prussian Government, if not in the German people, a spirit which was inhumane, Machiavellian—the negation of the moral law and the liberty built upon it. We saw one side of our common human nature, and were terrified by the apparition. What we ought to ask ourselves is whether our own social organization is not inhumane, Machiavellian, and the enemy of freedom. What we ought to aim at in our reconstruction is to embody in it the principles whose expression we felt to be the mission that alone has given a meaning to the history of this nation and of France.

Those principles may be difficult to apply, but they are not hard to discover. They are the idea of right as against expediency, the idea of liberty as against arbitrary authority, the idea of equality as against privilege. The second is distinctly English, as the third is distinctively French, and both second and third are deductions from the first, for they both repose on the idea that there is a sanction of conduct and a title for institutions which is superior to expediency, because it is absolute. But if we are to apply those principles, we must first clear the ground for their application. We must begin, as all serious reform must always begin, by an act of renunciation. And what we are called on to renounce is evident from the nature of the principles which it is our duty to apply. We must renounce the conception of economic efficiency as the end and arbiter of industrial organization. We must cease to judge industry merely by its productivity, in order that we may begin to judge it by principles the validity of which we all recognize, but which we exclude from our industrial organization, because we are dazzled by the brilliance of its material achievements, and ignore the right of the human beings by whom those achievements are made possible.

Renounce efficiency? Renounce productivity? Not at all. A good harvest is better than a bad one, though there is some ancient wisdom in the remark about affliction coming in the days when their corn and oil increased. But because an economic system is efficient and productive, it does not necessarily follow that it is right, any more than a Government is right because it is successful. A truism? But is not the industrial system of modern societies based almost entirely upon the opposite idea, on the idea that that economic efficiency is itself a kind of ultimate arbiter, a justification which can dispense with higher credentials? Is not a good deal of the talk about reconstruction based on the idea that if a nation produces 1,000 units where it formerly produced 100, and 10,000 where it formerly produced 1,000, it is somehow nearer some kind of social reorganization? It is not merely a matter of class-interests. It is a philosophy of which we are all the votaries. And it is an illusion. It is an illusion, because it is evident that the productiveness of industry has increased a thousandfold in the last fifty years, and that the burden of men's complaint against it is not that it is ineffective, but that their rights as human beings are sacrificed to it. Oh! one knows the old arguments. More production, more wealth: more wealth, more prosperity. Only it does not work out like that. It does not work out like that, because the problem of distribution is one not of amounts, but of proportions, not of productive power, but of social right, and the temper which thinks efficient production the most important thing is also the temper which thinks justice and liberty unimportant things, and which, therefore, if it creates its Eldorado, at the same time excludes the mass of mankind from a share in it. It conceives of industry as a mechanism to be judged, like an engine, with a single eye on the speed of its revolutions or the volume of its output. But industry is not a mechanism. It is the association of men to win a living from Nature "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate," an association in which covetousness is covetous, brutality is brutal, tyranny is tyrannical, in precisely the same sense

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and to precisely the same degree as they are in the affairs of a State or a family, and which men are bound to judge by exactly the same standards of morality as they apply to the rest of human affairs. Of course, their standards will differ. They ought to differ. Disorders arise not because they differ, but because men deny that any standards exist. They deny that any standards exist, except that of economic efficiency. They think of industry, as some Prussians think of politics, as an unmoral thing, a kind of *Macht-politik*. Now that we have seen our friends resolved into their elements in order to prove that this ingenious and highly efficient philosophy is not good and strong, but bad and weak, are we really going to acquiesce in its continuance—and its continuance will mean its intensification—in the domestic affairs of the land of freedom? Must we not renounce the ideal of economic efficiency in order to make possible a constitution of industry based on the idea of right, just as, in order to make possible a constitution of the world on the basis of international right, nations must renounce the exclusive pursuit of national power?

#### INNOCENCE IN GAOL.

If war were not so tragic, its details would appear so ludicrous that no one would credit such a farce. To live in holes, when mankind invented houses before he could speak; to spend the long night standing in frozen slush, when the birds of the air have nests; to swarm with lice, when one has an uncontrollable passion for cleanliness; to sink shiploads of food, when all the world is hungry—could anything be more absurd? Yet one may sometimes think that the height of war's absurdity is the imprisonment of the innocent. In every great war thousands upon thousands are crammed into gaol, not for any crime they have committed, but simply because they happen to have been born of certain parents—an event over which they had less control than over any other in their subsequent lives. There is no offence in being born, for there is no moral choice—no choice at all. Nor can we call this imprisonment an example of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, for, in this respect, even the fathers are as innocent as their newborn babes. During the Napoleonic Wars, we herded up about 200,000 innocent men in England, because they were born French. There was one break in the wars: otherwise, some of those prisoners might have been shut up for twenty years. As it was, many thousands were shut up for ten years, and of the 120,000 imprisoned in the second half of the wars, about 10,000 died in gaol and never saw France again. Ten years' imprisonment! It is the sort of sentence people get for the meanest forgery, for aggravated manslaughter or conspiracy to murder under the incitement of a Government's provocative agent. But these 200,000 men were not imprisoned for crime. So far as their punishment was concerned, they did not even suffer from a double dose of original sin. They suffered for one single dose of original innocence.

Of immured innocents there are two classes—the military prisoners of war and the civilians. No doubt, every man in both classes has been guilty of various sins; for in the Litany we confess that we are all miserable sinners. But it is not for their sins that either class is imprisoned; it is for a natural condition no more to be avoided than the color of the eyes. Both classes are equally innocent and equally pitiable. But it is of the interned civilians that we speak to-day, because their hardship led to a discussion in the House of Commons last week. We were then informed that Germany holds 3,500 Englishmen of this class imprisoned; we in England hold 25,000 Germans or their Allies; and there are 10,000 more scattered in our outlying Imperial gaols. It would seem a simple, benevolent, and advantageous thing to exchange man for man, in which case 7,000 human beings would be at once restored to activity and home. Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, who raised the question in the House, said it might have been done in November, 1914. The German Government was then willing to exchange man for man. But our Government

bungled it, and let the opportunity slide. Now the German Government, owing to British stupidity, has raised its terms, and demands an exchange in block, or "all-for-all." At that rate, we should have to give ten Germans for one Englishman. It seems a high price, but we should have thought the "patriots" might have taken it as representing a fair ratio in human values. At present, however, Lord Newton and Mr. James Hope (who answered for the Government) have hardly reached that pitch of patriotism, and our innocent countrymen continue to languish in Ruhleben—scarcely the Home of Rest which its name implies.

The kind of life endured by British prisoners there has been admirably described by Mr. Israel Cohen in his book on "The Ruhleben Prison Camp" (Methuen). The present writer has studied that description with strong personal interest, for happening to be in Berlin at the declaration of war, he narrowly escaped imprisonment, and as he reads the account of that camp he can say to himself, "There, but for the grace of Sir Edward Goschen, I should have been shut up for nearly three years now." Such a deliverance is a theme for lifelong thanksgiving. Not that the racecourse of Ruhleben is a particularly bad prison camp. Mr. Cohen has no horrors to describe such as disgraced the typhus camp at Wittenberg. As officials go, the old Commandant and his Acting Commandant, Baron von Taube, seem to have been almost reasonable, and at times almost genial. The rations were, of course, detestable; the horse-boxes which served for cells were bitterly cold; the dirt and stench intolerable. But when you are a prisoner you must expect such things. As the ironic warders in our own gaols are never tired of reminding anyone who puts in a complaint, "You're not in the Carlton here!" or "It's a blooming incubator you want instead of a cell!" Acorn coffee, ten ounces of black bread, scraps of meat and bone, weak cocoa, and a soup that would be "vegetable" but for occasional worms and beetles—that is a diet which neither cheers nor inebriates. Invalids fresh from the baths of Homberg and Kissingen felt a marked change to quarters in stables and hay-lofts. No one who has experienced such bodily torments will make light of them. Hunger and sleeplessness may so occupy the mind that it broods perpetually over the memory of good meals and beds with sheets. But, for all that, bodily torments are not the worst side of prison life.

The purely mental effects of prison are the worst—the humiliation, the lethargy, the bestial atrophy of all fine instincts and mental powers, the hideous despondency which accompanies a terror of being forgotten. At the outset, it is not pleasant for a sane and mature man or woman to be ordered about, reproved, and bullied worse than any modern child. Mr. Cohen tells us that when first the prisoners were brought into the camp, some of them made merry over the process, "which enraged the sergeant, who bawled out: 'Hold your jaws! This is no joke!'" Even the Commandant reproved him: "Not so rough!" he said. "They are not criminals." How plainly one can hear that sergeant's, "Maul zu! Hier ist kein Spass!" We see him as the Prussian spirit incarnate. But it is merely the official spirit. British sergeants and gaolers may behave just the same. At the beginning of the war interned aliens were so insulted here in London that tears ran down their respectable old cheeks, and yet the officials were only acting after their kind. So at Ruhleben, Mr. Cohen saw a head-guard kick a middle-aged man, a merchant of standing, in the small of the back for cleaning his dinner-bowl over the sink—the only place where he could clean it. Set one man in power over another, and such is the invariable result in all races, though, of course, the aggregate result is worse where the officials are most numerous, as in Germany.

Yet even insults are better than the monotony of gaol. It is the monotony which induces either insanity or that moral torpor which, after a while, fears a change, and, like the Prisoner of Chillon, regains its freedom with a sigh. For nineteen months, Mr. Cohen endured a routine which he thus summarizes:—

"Rising at half-past six every morning, lining up at the tap to get water for a wash, lining up on parade at seven, crowding round the parcel lists, lining up at the boiler-house for hot water for breakfast, lining up for a newspaper, lining up for a parcel, or a library book, or a theatre ticket; then a couple of hours of reading, or study, or sport, or lounging; lining up for dinner, crowding round the postman, lining up at the canteen for sugar, or cheese, or sardines, and at the stores for cigarettes, and lining up again at the newspaper shed, and again at the boiler-house for hot water for tea; and the evening spent at a lecture, or concert, or play, followed by a monotonous perambulation up and down the parade, until we were dispersed by the fire-bell, and lined up again for the second parade, and wandered mechanically back to horse-box or hay-loft, and retired at nine."

That may not sound very terrible—not much worse in monotony than a long sea-journey on a liner or life in a Socialistic health-resort. The enterprise of the Englishmen in breaking the monotony was magnificent. Their versatility reminds one of the quality which Pericles attributed to the Albanians—the power of making themselves self-sufficient wherever they might land. We see the prisoners forming clubs, cultivating gardens, organizing sports and football and boxing, getting up plays, conducting elections (at which the Suffrage candidate won hands down), publishing magazines, seriously pursuing knowledge in many forms, and continually shouting the battle-cry of England: "Are we down-hearted? No!" Nevertheless, they could not escape the poison of monotony. Some took to gambling, some to drink, some to unnatural vice; some muttered; some went mad; some killed themselves.

We are heartily glad to see that in England selected Austrian, Turkish, and even German civilian prisoners of war "may now be licensed from the camps on parole for employment unconnected with the operations of war," their pay being the ordinary wage for their work. To many this concession will come like release from a mad-house, and we can but hope the enemy will grant a similar freedom to our countrymen interned over there. But let us not forget that, pitiable as is the state of the interned, there are prisoners in England as in Germany who get no parcels or newspapers; who have no sports or lounging or plays or lectures; who can buy nothing from canteens, and never sniff a cigarette; and to whom the monotonous captivity of the interned would appear a variegated paradise of freedom. Among those prisoners are many hundreds innocent of all but political and religious offences, such as those for which the Russian Government has granted amnesty. There are, besides, the many thousands of ordinary prisoners—men and women for whom we have found nothing better than the farcical tragedy of prison existence—a horrible subject to reflect upon, whether in peace-time or in war.

## Letters to the Editor.

### "THE NATION" AND THE CENSORSHIP.

SIR,—The suppression of the report of public opinion by prohibiting the foreign circulation of THE NATION is a wrong to the individual and the State. It is a misuse of powers intended by Parliament to secure the defence of the realm.—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD MCKENNA.

SIR,—I strongly disapprove of the suppression, for which I see no justification.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS BURT.

SIR,—I consider the suppression of the foreign circulation of THE NATION a contemptible but typical example of bureaucratic tyranny. It is difficult to believe that this action was authorized by a responsible member of a so-called Democratic Government. The question must be at once raised in the House of Commons, and not allowed to rest until justice has been done.—Yours, &c.,

GODFREY BARING.

SIR,—I read THE NATION usually, but now and again miss a number, but cannot recall anything that I should have thought worthy of the treatment reported.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT SPICER.

SIR,—I missed last week's NATION. As an otherwise constant, and sometimes not uncritical, reader, I should need much persuading that you had done anything to justify Government action. The Press has saved the Allied cause once already, and I hope you will continue to stand for its fullest freedom, inviting the War Cabinet meanwhile to study John Milton's "Areopagitica" during the ensuing week-end.—Yours, &c.,

CECIL HARMSWORTH.

SIR,—The treatment of a journal that is, in my opinion, so admirably conducted in the national and public interest is an outrage. I trust this act of indecency will be publicly denounced. The authorities might well have given their attention to organs of national mischief.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER RUNCIMAN (Sen.).

SIR,—I strongly disapprove the suppression of the foreign circulation of THE NATION unless the restriction applies to other papers.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. GELDER.

SIR,—The suppression of the foreign circulation of THE NATION at the hands of the present Government is a distinction of which you may be proud. It is an effort to conceal from Liberals abroad the realities of the bastard Prussianism under which we live.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. R. PRINGLE.

SIR,—England went to war for freedom. In the process she bids fair to lose her own. The Government is invested with more absolute power than was exercised by the Tudors or claimed by the Stuarts. Parliament is not merely submissive; it is gagged, silenced, impotent. Under the Defence of the Realm Regulations men can be—and are—deprived of their liberty without cause assigned; they can be—and are—banished from hearth and home by the order of what is termed, in sardonic mockery, "a competent military authority," without being charged with, much less tried for, an offence. There is no reason why Government should not, if it thinks fit, close the Law Courts, or bring the farce of Parliamentary Government to an end. Any preacher who takes for his text, "Blessed are the peacemakers" may be fined or imprisoned, or both, for making statements likely to cause disaffection. The Press is censored by obscure clerks in the name of the Government, and when an outcry is raised, the excuse is made by official apologists (see e.g., the "Daily Chronicle" for April 11th) that neither the Government nor the Prime Minister is responsible for the acts of subordinates. We live under a Venetian Council, nominated by the Prime Minister, not from among the representatives of the people, but at his own whim and caprice. William Pitt thought that every man who had £10,000 a year should have a seat in the House of Lords. Our democratic Premier has gone one better. He seems to believe that every man with £50,000 a year should have a place in his Government. Is it to be wondered at that confusion and chaos should prevail, and that the vast hordes of officials, like the peoples of Nineveh, "cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand"?

The Government of this country has become an unwieldy monster, which has no cohesion or common purpose, or even knowledge of what is being done in its name. Like the wounded Cyclops, it rushes hither and thither in the dark, impatient and blind, unwilling to wait, and unable to see. I trust that the insensate ban on the export of THE NATION will bring things to a head. Russia has celebrated her freedom by granting freedom to the press; it is incredible that Britain, the nursing-ground of liberty, can lag behind. A new spirit is breaking through the Valley of Dry Bones from the great Republic of the East and the great Republic of the West. Let us trust that the dark forces which have been at work for so long in England will flee before the new dawn, and that even their memory will vanish "like a dream when ope awakeneth."—Yours, &c.,

W. LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

SIR,—Having read your paper regularly since the war began, I can see no reason whatever for the suppression of its foreign circulation. I do not agree with many of the views expressed, but I know that they represent a large body of outside opinion, which has a right to express itself here and abroad without Government interference.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD HEMMERDE.

SIR.—Why worry about the suppression of your foreign circulation? The Government's circulation is dropping, and "returns" increase every week. The sooner it ceases publication the better for the circulation of the nation (small n), which badly needs resuscitating.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. HOGGE.

P.S.—I expect the real reason for suppressing THE NATION (capital N) is that the late Tsar of Russia doesn't want his copy any longer.

SIR.—I cannot say that I am surprised—as I do not think any act of stupid arbitrariness on the part of this Government would surprise me—but I can say that I have read every (or almost every) number of THE NATION since the war began and cannot conceive the smallest reason why it should not circulate freely at home and abroad.

Harmonious relations with the peoples overseas, whether within or without the Empire, are not likely to result from the concealment of opinions—whether right or wrong—held by reasonable people, since the inevitable result will be that those other peoples will base their action on a wrong estimate of the opinions of Englishmen.

Nor can one readily believe that the great democracies with which we are in alliance will be drawn closer to us by the knowledge that our Government is preventing them from knowing what an important section of opinion in England thinks.

When the House of Commons meets next week, the Government should be firmly tackled.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD D. HOLT.

SIR.—It seems to me that this action of the authorities is in direct opposition to the spirit of President Wilson's declaration, that the United States should enter the war in defence of the rights and liberties of Democracy against Autocracy, and the prohibition may well make Americans distrustful of the sincerity of our democratic professions.

Of all the anomalies of the Censor's department surely this is the greatest, that the British Government, with a Liberal Prime Minister at its head, should suppress the free circulation of an unprinted copy of a Liberal paper! A Tory paper might conceivably criticize the democratic reasons given by Americans for entering into the war, but a Liberal paper could not do otherwise than cordially welcome such support to Liberal principles as is given in Mr. Wilson's great speech.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH BLISS.

SIR.—I regard the prohibition of your foreign circulation as an abuse of power only less monstrous than it is stupid.

It seems dictated by an absurd and futile determination to penalize every decent, weighty, and considered expression of opinion that does not lick the boots of the administration.

I have read every number of THE NATION since the first. During the war, whilst you have criticized the Government for many of its actions, your criticism has been fair and dignified. No word do I remember that can have injured the country or helped her enemies. This is as true of last week's issue as of others.

If the Censorship is intended to make us a laughing-stock for the world, to destroy the belief of foreign countries in our boasted liberty, and to make their democracies suspicious of our *bond-fides* in this war, it is succeeding by such action beyond the wildest hopes of our enemies. But I think no such intelligent purpose animates it, only the stupidity inseparable from such an office.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

SIR.—I cannot understand the prohibition of the foreign circulation of THE NATION, which is one of the ablest exponents in this country of the views and principles expressed by President Wilson and his Government.—Yours, &c.,

A. MACCALLUM SCOTT.

SIR.—What else was to be looked for? Was not THE NATION pilloried a few weeks ago in the "Times"? I understand we have practically reached the point when no journal will leave England unless it bears the imprint of Lord Northcliffe and his servants in high places. And, after all, is there anything that Frenchmen and Russians and Americans should know about England, apart from what Lord Northcliffe tells them?

I think THE NATION has brought its trouble on itself. You have defended civil and industrial liberties. You do not change with every passion of the hour, and you love the traditional political freedom of your land, and do not take kindly to the new bureaucracy. Why should foreign countries be told that such fires are still burning in England?

If you wish the ban removed, there is an easy way. You must laud the Prime Minister every week as God's good man, as the embodiment of chivalry and loyalty to colleagues, and the custodian of lofty political principle and genuine democratic fervor. When it becomes fashionable to wear political crinolines, you must wear them like the rest. And you must write so that the stupidest official in Whitehall will understand and approve.

If you will do this, I am sure THE NATION will go freely to every land with the hearty goodwill of an intelligent officialism.—Yours, &c.,

W. C. ANDERSON.

April 11th, 1917.

SIR.—I have read THE NATION regularly, and in my judgment it has contained nothing to justify the suppression of its foreign circulation, and I consider the suppression an arbitrary act against the liberty of the Press, unless good and sufficient reason is given. Some other journals could, with more grounds, be so dealt with.—Yours, &c.,

H. NUTTALL.

SIR.—It is difficult to condemn too emphatically the suppression of the foreign circulation of so responsible and admirably conducted an organ of British Liberal opinion as THE NATION. The limitation of freedom of speech is diametrically opposed to the avowed ideals of the Allies, and is doubly inopportune while Russia achieves her emancipation. The candid, unfettered discussion of the international issue is the only method of securing an early and enduring settlement.—Yours, &c.,

E. T. JOHN.

SIR.—This is the most outrageous of the attempts that have been made to misrepresent the true opinion of England in the eyes of foreign nations. THE NATION expresses the views of the great body of sober Liberalism throughout the country. To suppress such views, while permitting the free circulation abroad of papers expressing the opinions of Jingoistic Extremists is a scandal and a danger that must not be tolerated.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. LEES SMITH.

SIR.—I deprecate the action taken in regard to THE NATION, which appears to me high-handed.—Yours, &c.,

W. YOUNG.

SIR.—THE NATION is my weekly stimulus—political, intellectual, moral. Why my friends and relatives in the States should have been suddenly deprived of that stimulus, I have not the faintest idea. Can it be that you have criticized too freely (not for me) the present Government, and even the august Prime Minister? Public men who cannot stand honest criticism are doomed.—Yours, &c.,

W. BYLES.

SIR.—I am sorry that the Government has decided to suppress the foreign circulation of THE NATION, because I feel sure that the decision will prejudice foreign opinion against our country.

Foreigners who have read copies of THE NATION in the past will know that truth is being suppressed as well as opinions honestly held, and they will come to the conclusion that Great Britain dare not allow the truth to be published abroad.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. JOWETT.

SIR.—By suppressing the foreign circulation of THE NATION the Government show they are frightened of the truth getting abroad. The Russians have put an end to such methods.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

SIR.—I have been a regular reader of THE NATION for many years, and though I cannot profess always to have agreed with its views, I have admired the ability and independence with which those views have been expressed. The prohibition of its circulation abroad appears to me to be another addition to the ineptitudes of which the censorship has been guilty.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. ALLEN.

SIR.—The refusal to allow THE NATION to circulate abroad is a senseless piece of militarist shortsightedness. Everyone who tells the facts, or who seeks something beyond the existing confusion, is likely to be quoted, or misquoted, by the enemy.

The harm that such quoting can effect is nothing compared to the evil done by the refusal to let people hear what great organs of opinion say and great masses of people believe.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH KING.

[See Lord Hugh Cecil's speech, House of Commons "Hansard," April 4th, 1917, col. 1349, end of speech.]

SIR,—The suppression of THE NATION requires the fullest explanation and justification. Any unwarranted interference with the liberty of the press will be vigorously resented and fought.—Yours, &c.,

T. OWEN JACOBSEN.

SIR,—I consider that the suppression is a grave abuse of power, which should be raised in Parliament at the earliest opportunity.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY MOLTELNO.

SIR,—The action of the War Office is absolutely unaccountable. I shall put a question in the House the moment it meets.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY ALDEN.

SIR,—The concealment of British opinion from foreign countries is one form of incompetent diplomacy. Such a suppression did much to alienate important sections of American opinion last year.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

SIR,—I think the arbitrary action of the authorities is a wanton interference with liberty, which has no military justification.—Yours, &c.,

F. OGDEN.

SIR,—The Government's action indicates a weak case, but truth is mighty and will prevail. I propose asking a question.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

SIR,—I strongly disapprove the restriction of the circulation of THE NATION, and think the Government is making a serious mistake.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BARLOW.

SIR,—The act is worthy of Old Russia and Modern England.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

SIR,—The arbitrary stroke recently levelled at THE NATION will rouse indignation in a circle far wider than that of its readers or of those who are in close accord with its policy. And some who do not feel indignation will appreciate the unconscious irony of Mr. George's attempt to gag the free intercourse of Liberalism at home and abroad, in immediate sequence to the burst of fulsome applause with which he welcomed the President's great vindication of it. On Wednesday, Liberalism was a continent full of men, money, and munitions to be joyfully welcomed as a new ally; on Thursday, it was a band of conspirators, whose dangerous intercommunications must at all costs be stopped. For Mr. George, as this transaction would suffice to show, there are two aspects to the President's pronouncement, by no means equally to his mind. Mr. Wilson has brought America into the war and pledged her whole resources to the cause of the Allies: so far so good. But he has also lifted the whole issue to a higher plane, not so much by expressing his ideals in terms of larger and loftier moral significance (though he has done that, too), as by keeping them totally free from the contamination of aggressive national ambition. He is for striking at principles, and sparing peoples, and he quietly ignores those incidental concessions to imperialist egoisms which nestle so innocently among the great declarations of liberating policy in the programme of the Allies. Nothing about Constantinople for Russia; no quarrel with Austria unless she give offence, which presumably therefore the President does not find already given in the *status quo* which the Allies have declared they will destroy. All this is most inconvenient, and at all costs must be hushed up. We may shout for Liberalism as loudly as we please, and Mr. George, when it is a question of crushing German autocracy, shouts the loudest of any. But if anyone dare to hint that Mr. George's notion of Liberalism and the President's are not precisely the same, he is promptly made to feel the difference. We may possibly lay to the account of the ambiguous rôle he thus had

to play some of the melodramatic effusiveness which distinguishes the Prime Minister's utterance from the President's. In any case, an Englishman cannot but feel with some humiliation the reversal of the two performances of the old traditions of American and English public speech, where all the dignity, reticence, and conviction are found on the one side, and all the grandiloquence and spreakeagleism on the other.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. HERFORD.

Didebury. April 9th, 1917.

SIR,—I see with astonishment, through the "Manchester Guardian" of this morning, the news of the Government's attack on THE NATION. A more stupid disservice to the alliance with America, or to the just cause of the Allies, it would be hard to imagine. I take for granted that the thing will be challenged, not only in the Commons but in the columns of THE NATION itself, and by all men and women who love the paper, and care for a really great world-settlement after the war. Why should we be made to look ridiculous in the eyes of the new free Russia of to-day?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIPPS.

The Haven, 13, Leyland Road, Southport.

April 7th, 1917.

[We have received a large number of letters and messages on this subject for which we have no room.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### MR. BARNES AND THE DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

SIR,—With reference to the following statement in the letter signed "Constance Sutcliffe Marriott," in your issue of the 31st ult. :—

"Mr. Barnes declares that 100,000 of these (i.e., discharged soldiers) are veritable weeds,"  
please allow me to say that this statement is quite untrue.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE N. BARNES.

Great George Street, London, S.W.

[Mr. Barnes's words, as reported in "Hansard," were: "Hundreds of them have been passed into the Army who should never have been passed in—veritable weeds, that should never have been there at all." Our correspondent seems to have wrongly assumed that these words were used of discharged soldiers in general.—ED., THE NATION.]

#### Poetry.

##### THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE SOLDIER.

###### *The Soldier.*

PLOUGHMAN, slowly ploughing,  
A tedious track ye plough,  
But ripe and red and bitter is the harvest  
Which we must gather now.

###### *The Ploughman.*

Soldier, we plough slowly  
Through heavy earth and dry,  
Because of all the dead who lie unburied,  
And those who soon must die.

###### *The Soldier.*

We shall not see the harvest  
Nor any growing thing;  
Nor shall we know whether the grain has ripened  
Which is sown thick this Spring.

For whom, then, do they scatter  
The seed upon your track?

###### *The Ploughman.*

For the widows and the orphans  
Of ye who come not back.

For whom, then, is your labor  
Whose lives are sown like corn?

###### *The Soldier.*

A thousand thousand sheaves shall yet be gathered,  
But the reapers are not born.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## The World of Books.

### THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Inside the German Empire in the Third Year of the War." By H. B. Swope. (Constable. 5s. net.)
- "President Wilson: His Probleme and His Policy." By H. Wilson Harris. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
- "The Tragedy of a Throne." By Hildegarde Ebenthal. (Cassell. 12s. net.)
- "Changing Winds." By St. John G. Irvine. (Maunsell. 6s. net.)
- "A Diversity of Creatures." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 6s.)

\* \* \*

A LITTLE collection of "Stories of the Law and Lawyers," published by Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling, suggests the vast topic of the connection between literature and the law. It is not one to be lightly handled, for the lawyer is quite as powerful and pervasive a personage in the world of books as in that of politics and affairs. By a professional tradition, every barrister is expected to live by his pen during the interval between his call to the bar and the brief that will lead to fortune. And what would become of the novelist without the law? "The one great principle of the English law," said Dickens, "is to make business for itself." In the exercise of this self-regarding virtue, it has incidentally made a good deal of business for English fiction. Lost or disputed wills, diverted estates, murder trials, and so forth, are properties that novelists convey with eagerness, and will not suffer to be alienated without a contest. Even law-books have a footing in literature. I once read an essay recommending Blackstone's "Commentaries" to the layman, and though it did not induce me to peruse that masterpiece, it provided a few quotations. "Violate the law, and the pang of conscience on detection will be assuaged by paying the penalty," is a characteristic example. Another legal classic, "Coke upon Littleton," has been praised by Grey. Writing to West, he asked: "Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir, and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him?"

\* \* \*

"LAWYERS," said Johnson, "know life practically. A bookish man should always have them to converse with. They have what he wants." In spite of this advantage, men of letters have usually been disparaging in their references to the law and its professors. Brougham, who ought to have known, defined a lawyer as a "learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it for himself," while Bentham described the administrative part of the law as "a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system of self-authorized and unpunishable depredation; a system which encourages mendacity both by reward and punishment; in a word, a system which maximizes delay, sale, and denial of justice." Tennyson, too, had little respect for what Coke called "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," and wrote of—

"Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances."

As against this chorus of depreciation, I may cite the lines of an anonymous poet, who, far from depicting the lawyer as benefiting by his clients' needs, shows him a victim to their sharp practice:—

"There was a young lady of C'chester,  
Who went to consult her solicitor,  
When he asked for his fee,  
She said 'Fiddle-de-dee,  
I only looked in as a visitor.'"

\* \* \*

THIS last quotation is from Mr. E. V. B. Christian's "Leaves of the Lower Branch," an entertaining survey of the attorney in life and letters for six hundred years. Throughout our fiction the attorney has been cast for the part of the serviceable villain. Fielding was the first to introduce him, and both Scout and Dowling were far from ornaments of their profession. To Smollett we owe the often-quoted attorney who sent Count Fathom a bill for three and

fourpence for every time he met his client in the street, "provided they had exchanged the common salutation," thus running the amount up to three hundred and fifty attendances. In Victorian times, solicitors were valued according to their gladiatorial capacity:—

"Hardly a landowner, hardly a farmer, hardly a parish within ten miles of Milby," George Eliot records in "Scenes of Clerical Life," "whose affairs were not under the legal guardianship of Pittman & Dempster; and I think the clients were proud of their lawyers' unscrupulousness, as the patrons of the fancy are proud of their champion's condition . . . Even Mr. Jerome, chief member of the congregation at Salem Chapel, had quite an exceptional indulgence for the attorney's foibles, perhaps attributing them to the inevitable incompatibility of law and gospel."

\* \* \*

THE three great novels of the law are Dickens's "Bleak House," Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," and Trollope's "Orley Farm." Dickens's gallery of lawyers is unequalled. There are, in all, thirty-five of them, as well as two law stationers, two law writers, and a student. The trial, in the early chapters of "A Tale of Two Cities" is impressive, and Mr. Stryver is a good if unsympathetic portrait of the advocate who means to succeed at all costs. Mr. Grewgious, in "Edwin Drood," an "arid, sandy man, who, if he had been put into a grinding-mill, looked as if he would have ground immediately into a high-dried snuff," is another capital portrait; and everybody will remember how the terrible Jaggers cross-examined poor Mr. Wopsle in the barpoly of the "Three Jolly Bargemen" in "Great Expectations." But Dickens's merits as a novelist of the law are at their highest in "Bleak House." From the opening description of London in a fog to the close from want of further funds of the great suit of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, the law dominates and directs the whole book. One breathes its very atmosphere in the descriptions of the sittings of the Court of Chancery, of the legal offices during the Long Vacation, and of Richard Carston's interview with Mr. Vholes at Symond's Inn. And such characters as Mr. Tulkinghorn, Conversation Kenge, Guppy, Inspector Bucket, and Old Miss Flite are inimitable.

\* \* \*

WARREN'S "Ten Thousand a Year" finds few readers to-day, and it must be admitted that to read it requires some perseverance. In its author's lifetime it was considered a masterpiece, and Warren was classed by many capable judges as the equal of Dickens. According to Warren's own account, Lockhart declared that the book "beat Boz hollow," and Sir Frederick Pollock held that "a single page was worth all that Dickens had ever written." Thackeray was more ironical in his compliments. "I don't know anything more delicious," he wrote, "than the pictures of genteel life in 'Ten Thousand a Year,'" and some of Warren's other critics pointed out that not only had the author never enjoyed that income, but he had never known a man who had. As most readers of the book were in the same case, this did not diminish its popularity, and it was so successful that translations were made into several European languages. Its plot depends on a series of law-suits that centre round the Yatton Estate, and its pages are filled with legal personages of all sorts. The best of these portraits is that of the solicitor, Oily Gammon, who ends a career of crime by a suicide so cleverly contrived as to cheat the company in which his life was insured.

\* \* \*

LIKE Warren's novel, Trollope's "Orley Farm" is concerned with a disputed estate. Trollope's lawyers, if not so good as his parsons or his politicians, are creditably done, and Mr. Chaffenbrass, who appears in several of Trollope's novels, deserves to rank with Mr. Slope. Trollope confessed that he was fond of the book, though he had made a mistake in allowing Lady Mason to admit her forgery of the will too early in the tale. "Independently of this," is the frank comment in his "Autobiography," "the novel is good. The hunting is good. The lawyers' talk is good. Mr. Moulder carves his turkey admirably, and Mr. Kantwise sells his tables and chairs with spirit. I do not know that there is a dull page in the book." Though an admirer of Trollope, I cannot subscribe to this last sentence. But I agree with Mr. Christian in classing "Orley Farm" among the best of the novels that are concerned mainly with the law.

PENGUIN.

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## Reviews.

### SWINBURNE.

"*The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne.*" By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

"*The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne: Personal Recollections.*" By his Cousin, Mrs. DISNEY LEITH (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

SWINBURNE, says Mr. Gosse, "was not quite like a human being." That is chiefly what is the matter with his poetry. He did not write quite like a human being. He wrote like a musical instrument. There are few poets whose work is less expressive of personal passions. He was much given to ecstasies, but it is remarkable that most of these were echoes of other people's ecstasies. He sought after rapture both in politics and poetry, and he took as his masters Mazzini in the one and Victor Hugo in the other. He has been described as one who, while conversing, even in his later years, kept "bobbing all the while like a cork on the sea of his enthusiasms." And, in a great deal of his rapture, there is much of the levity as well as the "bobbing" quality of the cork. He abandoned the generous kind of enthusiasm at the bidding, not of advancing years, but of Theodore Watts. He who had sung the hymns of the Republic in his youth, ended as rhetorician-in-chief of the Jingoes against the Irish and the Boers. Nor does one feel that there was any philosophic basis for the change in his attitude as there was for a similar change in the attitude of Burke and Wordsworth in their later years. He was influenced more by persons than by principles. One does not find any real vision of a Republic in his work as one finds it in the work of Shelley. He had little of the saintliness of spirit which marks the true Republican and which turns politics into exquisite music in "*The Masque of Anarchy.*" His was not one of those tortured souls, like Francis Adams's, which desire the pulling-down of the pillars of the old, bad world more than love or fame. There is no utterance of the spirit in lines like:—

"Let our flag run out straight in the wind!  
The old red shall be floated again  
When the ranks that are thin shall be thinned,  
When the names that are twenty are ten;  
"When the devil's riddle is mastered  
And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,  
We shall see Buonaparte the bastard  
Kick heels with his throat in a rope."

It is possible for those who agree with the sentiments to derive a certain satisfaction from verse of this sort as from a vehement leading article. But there is nothing here beyond the rhetoric of the hot fit. There is nothing to call back the hot fit in anybody older than a boy.

Even when Swinburne was writing out of his personal experience, he contrived somehow to empty his verse of personality and to put sentimentalism and rhetoric in its place. We have an instance of this in the story of the love-affair Mr. Gosse records. Swinburne, at the age of twenty-five, fell in love with a kinswoman of Sir John Simon, the pathologist. "She gave him roses, she played and sang to him, and he conceived from her gracious ways an encouragement which she was far from seriously intending." Swinburne proposed to her, and, possibly from nervousness, she burst out laughing. He was only human in feeling bitterly offended, and "they parted on the worst of terms." He went off to Northumberland to escape from his wretchedness, and there he wrote "*The Triumph of Time,*" which Mr. Gosse maintains is "the most profound and the most touching of all his personal poems." He assured Mr. Gosse, fourteen years afterwards, that "the stanzas of this wonderful lyric represented with the exactest fidelity the emotions which passed through his mind when his anger had died down, and when nothing remained but the infinite pity and the pain." Beautiful though the poem repeatedly is, however, it seems to us to lack that radiance of personal emotion which we find in the great love poems. There is much decoration of music of a kind of which Swinburne and Poe alone possessed the secret, as in the verse beginning:—

"There lived in France a singer of old  
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.  
In a land of sand and ruin and gold  
There shone one woman and none but she."

But is there much more than the decoration of music in the verses which express the poet's last farewell to his passion?

"I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,  
Fill the days of my daily breath  
With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
Do as the world doth, say as it saith;  
But if we had loved each other—O sweet,  
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,  
The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure,  
To feel you tread it to dust and death—

"Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
All that life gives and the years let go,  
The wine and honey, the balm and leaven.  
The dreame reared high and the hopes brought low?  
Come life, come death, not a word be said;  
Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?  
I shall never tell you on earth, and in heaven,  
If I cry to you then, will you care to know?"

Browning, unquestionably, could have expressed Swinburne's passion better than Swinburne did it himself. He would not have been content with a sequence of vague phrases that made music. He would have made each phrase dramatic and charged with a personal image or a personal memory.

Swinburne, however, was a great musician in verse and beyond belittlement in this regard. It would be incongruous to attempt a close comparison between him and Longfellow, but he was like Longfellow in having a sense of music out of all proportion to the imaginative content of his verse. There was never a distinguished poet whose work endures logical analysis so badly. Mr. Arthur Symons, in an essay in his last book, refers scornfully to those who say that "the dazzling brilliance of Swinburne's form is apt to disguise a certain thinness or poverty of substance." But he produces no evidence on the other side. He merely calls on us to observe the way in which Swinburne scatters phrases and epithets of "imaginative subtlety" by the way, while most poets "present us with their best effects deliberately." It seems to us, on the contrary, that Swinburne's phrasing is far from subtle. He induces moods of excitement and sadness by his musical scheme rather than by individual phrases. Who can resist, for example, the spell of the opening verses of "*Before the Mirror,*" the poem of enchantment addressed to Whistler's "*Little White Girl*?" It is so generally known that we hesitate to quote it again. But it is as good an example as one can find of the pleasure-giving qualities of Swinburne's music, apart from his separate phrases and images:—

"White rose in red rose-garden  
Is not *so* white;  
Snowdrops that plead for pardon  
And pine from fright,  
Because the hard East blows  
Over their maiden rows,  
Grow not as thy face grows from pale to bright.

"Behind the veil, forbidden,  
Shut up from sight,  
Love, is there sorrow hidden,  
Is there delight?  
Is joy thy dower or grief,  
White rose of weary leaf,  
Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light?"

The snowdrop image in the first verse is, apart from the mere sound of the lines, expanded not into beauty but into nonsense. The picture of the snowdrops at once pleading for pardon and pining from fright would have been impossible to a poet with the realizing genius of the great writers. Swinburne's sense of rhythm, however, was divorced in large measure from his sense of reality. He was a poet without the poet's gift of sight. William Morris complained that Swinburne's poems did not make pictures. Swinburne had not the necessary sense of the loveliness of the form of the things around him. His attitude to Nature was lacking, as Mr. Gosse suggests, in that realism which gives coherence to poetry. Or, to quote Mr. Gosse's own words:—

"Swinburne did not live, like Wordsworth, in a perpetual communion with Nature, but exceptional, and even rare, moments of concentrated observation wakened in him an ecstasy which he was careful to brood upon, to revive, and perhaps, at least, to exaggerate. As a rule, he saw little of the world around him, but what he did see was presented to him in a blaze of limelight."

Nearly all his poems are a little too long, a little tedious, for the simple reason that the muzziness of vision in them, limelight and all, is bewildering to the intelligence. There are few of his poems which close in splendor equal to the splendor of their opening verses. "*The Garden of Proserpine*" is one of the few which keep the good wine for the last. Here, however, as in the rest of his poems, there

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are beautiful passages rather than beauty informing the whole poem. Swinburne's poems have no spinal cord. One feels this even in that most beautiful of his lyrics, the first chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon." But how many poets are there who could have sustained for long the miracle of "When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces" and the verse that follows? Mrs. Disney Leith tells us in her charming book of recollections and letters that the first time Swinburne recited this poem to her was on horseback, and one wonders whether he had the ecstasy of the gallop and the music of racing horses in his blood when he wrote the poem. His poems are essentially expressions of ecstasy. His capacity for ecstasy was the most genuine thing about him. A thunderstorm gave him "a more vivid pleasure than music or wine." His pleasure in thunder, in the gallop of horses, in the sea, was in all three cases, one fancies, largely an intoxication of music. It is like one's own enjoyment of his poems. This, too, is simply an intoxication of music.

The first series of "Poems and Ballads," however, owed its success for many years to other things besides the music. It broke in upon the bourgeois moralities of nineteenth-century England like a defiance. It expressed in gorgeous wordiness the mood of every green-sick youth of imagination who sees that beauty is being banished from the world in the name of goodness. One has only to look at the grey and yellow and purple brick houses built during the reign of Victoria to see that the green-sick youth has a good right to protest. A world that makes goodness the enemy of beauty and freedom is a blasphemous outrage on both goodness and beauty, and young men will turn from it in disgust to the praise of Venus or any other god or goddess that welcomes beauty at the altar. Swinburne's first volume of "Poems and Ballads" was a challenge to the lie of tall-hatted religion. There is much truth in Mr. Gosse's saying that "the poet is not a lotus-eater who has never known the Gospel, but an evangelist turned inside out." He had been brought up Puritanically by his mother, who kept all fiction from him in his childhood, but grounded him with the happiest results in the Bible and Shakespeare. "This acquaintance with the text of the Bible," says Mr. Gosse, "he retained to the end of his life, and he was accustomed to be emphatic about the advantage he had received from the beauty of its language." His early poems, however, were not a protest against the atmosphere of his home, but against the atmosphere of what can only be described by the worn-out word "respectability." Mrs. Disney Leith declares that she never met a character more "reverent-minded." And, certainly, the irreverence of his most pagan poems is largely an irreverence of gesture. He delighted in shocking his contemporaries, and planned shocking them still further with a volume called "Lesbia Brandon," which he never published; but at heart he never freed himself from the Hebrew awe in presence of good and evil. His "Aholibah" is a poem that is as moral in one sense as it is lascivious in another. As Mr. Gosse says, "his imagination was always swinging, like a pendulum, between the North and the South, between Paganism and Puritanism, between resignation to the instincts and an ascetic repudiation of their authority." It is the conflict between the two moods that is the most interesting feature in Swinburne's verse, apart from its purely artistic qualities. Some writers find Swinburne as great a magician as ever in those poems in which he is free from the obsession of the flesh. But, frankly, we doubt if Swinburne ever rose to the same great heights in his later work as in the early "Poems and Ballads" and "Atalanta." Those who praise him as a thinker quote "Hertha" as a masterpiece of philosophy in music, and it was Swinburne's own favorite among his poems. But we confess we find it a too long sermon. Swinburne's philosophy and religion were as vague as his vision of the world about him. "I might call myself, if I wished," he wrote in 1875, "a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley), but assuredly in no sense a Theist."

Mr. Gosse has written Swinburne's life with distinction and understanding; but it was so eventless a life that the biographer's is not an easy task. It is amusing, however, to picture the author of "Anactoria" as a child going about with Bowdler's Shakespeare under his arm and, in later years, assisting Jowett in the preparation of a "Child's Bible."

#### TURKEY-IN-ASIA.

"**Across Asia Minor on Foot.**" By W. J. CHILDS. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

THE Turk, above all races on earth, seems to be irresistible as seen under the microscope, and detestable to a telescopic eye. Gladstone and the last Blue-book have gone far to make him, in face of formidable competition, the type of the murderer who kills by rote, determined to the last victim to impose his will. Religion applied to such an end is as terrible a driving force as politics, and that sinister ninth chapter of the "Koran," the last revealed to the Prophet, unique in not being prefaced by the name of God, breathes at once a threat to non-Islamic allies and the very spirit of the ruthless State: "So long as they behave with fidelity towards you, do ye also behave with fidelity towards them; for God loveth those who fear Him. How can they be admitted into a league with you since, if they prevail against you, they will not regard you with their mouths, but their hearts will be averse from you; for the greater part of them are wicked doers."

Englishmen, as members of the great colonizing race, seem to go nearer than many other people to making infidelity palatable, for the travellers, Consuls, and sportsmen who penetrate into Turkey belong for the most part to the dominant section of our society, and by their bearing, their generosity, their fairness without levelling heresies, touch a sympathetic note for the race which battens on the Armenians and looks at a Greek as many a Squire regards an Irishman. This paradox of the relation between particular and general judgments of Turkey emerges again and again in Mr. Childs's book, but only enhances the interest of his story of six months spent mainly on foot by a traveller with a sense of history which does not fail to quicken at great scenes and memorable visions of change. The bacon and sausages and aluminium cooking vessels with which he travelled are not necessarily destructive of romance. They saved him from typhoid, dysentery, and the boils of Aleppo, and left him free, at Zilleh, to ruminate upon Cæsar, "his name inseparably linked with obscure places":

"I had seen his farthest north, had lingered on various of his battlefields, and here he had cropp'd up once more. It was, I suppose, his farthest east. Recollections of one battlefield in particular came to mind and figured in curious contrast to Zilleh, as I hung over the map this evening in the *khan* at Yeni Bazaar. At the edge of the Thames, in a corner of smoky, insalubrious Brentford, not easily found by a stranger, I had looked sometimes at a monument recording the doings of the same Cæsar. It told that in B.C. 54 he had forced a passage across the Thames by a ford at that spot, and defeated the opposing British tribes. And a waterman with whom I once talked beside the monument had seemed to bring me almost within sight of Cæsar's figure. For him 'this chap Julius Cæsar' was very much a man of reality. With his own eyes the waterman had seen ancient oak stakes, part of a palisade built to defend the ford against Cæsar;"

and at the Sicilian gates to feel how "Cyrus, Alexander, Cicero, Haroun Raschid, St. Paul, and a host of other famous men" have passed through one of the natural gateways that is the entrance to a new world.

"To-day the caravans were all coming down to the Mediterranean. The winding road, overhung with pine trees, was dotted with strings of Bactrian camels; they filed slowly across old ivy-covered bridges; their awaying bells filled the gorge with a musical beating. Thus the caravans must have come in the times of Darius and Alexander, and thus they have come ever since; but a year or two hence this picturesque ancient traffic will be no more, for goods trains of the Bagdad railway will have taken its place."

This underlying sense of contrast between an encroaching and a resistant civilization gives to travel in Asia Minor its main fascination. The regulation of society remains primitive; beggars abound, and two sketches show how they retain a professional pride:—

"He sprang up and asked for alms, and because these were not immediately forthcoming, went on all fours and showed a number of antics, imitating a dog and goat and other animals to admiration. Then I saw that he was without thighs; that the knee joint was at the hip, the leg rigid, and only half the usual length. With his grim, bearded face thrust upwards, and the odd movement of his little legs, he lacked only a stump of tail to make me think I had come upon a satyr in life."

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" . . . a dirty white bundle of rags splashed with color appeared in front of me beside the way, and a hollow hand pushed slowly out as I passed. At first I could find no semblance of humanity in the rags, for neither head nor limbs were visible; but while I looked the heap began to squirm, and a face revealed itself. Beggar's art was evident in the whole performance. In this writhing heap, which somehow reminded me irresistibly of a knot of worms, in the position of the prostrate head, seemingly detached as it lay in the dust beside the rags, and in the horrible face itself, whose eyes were set in great, raw sores, were artifice and skill out of the common."

The richest land in the world repays a hundredfold the most casual small farmer, but a feud over irrigation rights "results in another case for the Mission Hospital, or very likely two, for the range is short and both opponents filled with purpose." In cities, the American missions, forcibly managed by armed apostles, make some headway, chiefly on the medical side, which works untold good and gives the surgeon an unlimited supply of major operations. But such activities do not touch the troglodytic inhabitants of Cappadocia, and Mr. Childs thinks that the oldest people of Asia Minor are to be found unchanged in the cones of the Valley of Guérémé, of which he obtained a remarkable photograph (p. 228).

"Nowhere did you see merely dozens, for the glance took in hundreds at a time; they must, indeed, have run to thousands; nor could you say exactly where they ceased. They seemed to choke the valley in the distance, and in places were so closely set that, if passing with outstretched arms, it was possible to touch two at once and yet be on a level path.

"The larger cones were hollowed out as dwellings, or for other purposes of human use, and held hundreds of inmates. There were ancient chapels with rude paintings on the walls. At least one cone was a shop. Another was a *kaveh*, outside of which men sitting over their coffee in morning sunlight found me a deal more surprising than anything else in the valley when I halted and took coffee myself."

Nor has a milder faith done anything to mitigate the contempt for the Greek, the hatred for the Armenian, which fills the ruling race. Mr. Childs speaks of casual explosions in *khans*, of a "disappointed mood" for massacre which drove the faithful to accept the spectacle of a slaughter-house in substitution for the horrors of Adana, then unsurpassed, and is unable to answer the complaint of "a friendly Greek" in Tokat:—

"England is a safe and shady garden, yet you have left it. The English go in all places. The law of England and its order are admirable to visitors. There you get swinging damages from the Courts if you are assailed by newspapers. Let a brick fall on you in the street, and there is money in it for the owner. In Turkey you are shot and stabbed and robbed and receive no recompense for it."

The ferment of education stirs in a small section of these strangely assorted peoples, but does not seem to affect the essential characteristics of race. Among the youths at Anatolia College, in Marsovan,—

"Greeks and Armenians numbered three-fourths of the whole; the Russians few more than a score, but these were the bold, enterprising spirits. The Armenian students ever seemed uncertain of how they stood: what they should do, what not do. They regarded with jealousy the arrival of fresh Russians and any increase of Greeks—as if the College were, in a sense, their own preserve. Their manner was defensive, but defensive apparently without spirit."

In this inconsistency lies the fate of the Armenian race. Fierce and bold in quarrel with the Greek, the Armenian, "when accompanied by a European, may become aggressive to the point of insolence in his behavior to Moslems," but in a straight fight with them "his confident spirit gives way to a sort of furious despair."

Mr. Childs evidently shares the feeling of other travellers that the Armenian is unattractive, and his heart is with his Turkish couriers. Achmet, Mehmet, or Ighsan, a retired brigand of conservative views. Such men, like the English cabman, represent the huge, inexpressive popular opinions of the country, and Mr. Childs encountered few Turks who had moved from that standpoint. The motive power in these rare cases was either the Young Turkish propaganda, or contact with Germany. The former seems to flourish best in thin soil; many an English hamlet can show a parallel to a scene in Bayan Dere:—

"They had two or three keen politicians in this village,

particularly the teacher, a thin-faced, dark-bearded man, with bright eyes, who would have been a Radical or Socialist in any other country. He was in favor of the new government as against Abdul Hamid, and appeared to have a small following of fluent talkers. On behalf of the Young Turks he could only urge what they were going to do for the country, but against the old government he found much to say, both as to what it had done and what not done."

German influence is of a deeper and more serious kind. It is spread by the assiduity of consuls or by the conversion of Turkish officers into German stock through the system of attaching them to the army in Berlin. Above all, it follows and radiates from the track of the great railway, drawing its support from the magical phrase "Constantinople—Bagdad."

Mr. Childs gives a sober and a just account of the ambitions which now tremble in the balance; but the main value of his book consists in the direct impression of color and activity and the movements of an ancient civilization, which emerges from a plain style, and is reinforced by many good photographs.

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The amount invested in British, French, and Russian Government Securities was £518,040 16s. 8d.

After applying a sum of £10,000 as an addition to the Investments Reserve, the Valuation showed a surplus in all Departments of £27,037 14s. 8d.

Out of this sum £20,000 has been set aside as an addition to the special Contingency Fund to meet War liabilities and to provide future bonuses on Ordinary Department policies entitled to participate. The amount of this Fund is now £40,000.

The Balance of the surplus, namely, £7,037 14s. 8d., is carried forward.

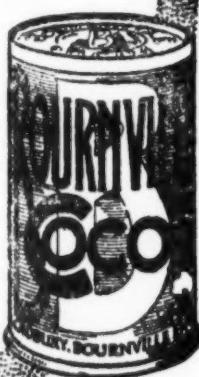
**Bournville  
Cocoa**

"BY EVERY TEST  
THE VERY BEST"

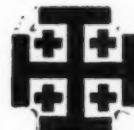
"BOURNVILLE COCOA  
represents the highest grade  
of nutritive cocoa at present  
on the market; it fully main-  
tains its high reputation in  
food value and delicacy of  
flavour, and is second to  
none in any respect whatso-  
ever."

—The Medical Magazine.

CADBURY.  
BOURNVILLE.



## Famine in the HOLY LAND



The rapid development of events in the Holy Land is in a remarkable manner opening up the way for the work of the Syria and Palestine Relief Fund.

The recent victory near Gaza means that we shall be able almost immediately to follow the Allied advance with FOOD, MEDICINE and CLOTHING to relieve the terrible distress of the inhabitants who are in the last stage of destitution through the cruelties and privations which they have suffered.

**To relieve the starving people of  
SYRIA and PALESTINE  
£50,000 is needed at once**

Missionary Societies of all Denominations have united to carry out this great work. A strong administrative Committee is at work, plans for relief are already made, and goods are stored in Egypt ready to be poured into the country by sea or rail. The Fund will be economically administered by those who know the country and people best, and relief will be given to all—Christians, Jews and Arabs alike—according to their need.

Please send your donation NOW to the Hon. Secretary, Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1.

From Turkey Mr. Abbott turns to Greece, and here he writes with full knowledge and some passion. He belongs to an old family of English merchants associated with the Levant Company, and Greek sympathies and Greek blood are in his veins. In his chapters on Turkey he is the antiquarian and the dilettante. In his chapters on Greece he is a devoted and courageous Philhellene. His indictment of British policy in its relations to Greece during the nineteenth century is fierce; but, in the main, it is just. We differ seriously from him only when he reaches the Macedonian question, and touches the rival claims of Bulgaria. He sees that question as a Greek, and we have never yet met a Greek who even tried to be objective in Balkan controversies. His final chapter on the present war deserves careful and respectful study. We say "respectful," for it wanted no little courage to write it. Although in Greece itself public opinion is now with the King rather than with M. Venizelos, no Greek, and no Philhellene in the Allied countries, has yet attempted to combat the popular current of exaggeration. The old spirit of faction has divided the Greek nation itself, and the Venizelists and their Philhellene friends, so far from standing against the hostile current, have stimulated our intervention. Mr. Abbott for the first time states the case for the King, and against the policy of the Allies. We are not for our part inclined to modify our own reading of King Constantine, and we hope to see him one day following his cousin the Tsar to some quiet asylum for the August Unemployed. But with much of his criticism of the Allied handling of Greece we find ourselves in agreement. It has turned a friendly little nation to bitter enmity, and it has discredited M. Venizelos with his countrymen. It will not stand investigation from the standpoint either of legal right or of political tact. Mr. Abbott passes too lightly over the counter-case—the broken Serbian treaty, in particular; but, partial and incomplete as his critical narrative is, it makes a valuable corrective to the current versions of events. The book, as a whole, is wayward and formless, and often slight, but no honest student of contemporary affairs in the East can afford to ignore the sixth chapter of both its sections.

#### THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

- "*Pincus Hood.*" By ARTHUR HODGES. (Constable. 5s. net.)  
 "*Polly.*" By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Nash. 5s. net.)  
 "*Zella Sees Herself.*" By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)  
 "*Lewis Seymour and Some Women.*" By GEORGE MOORE. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

A LITTLE bird whispered to us that a certain well-known and inferior English poet has just been having a tremendous vogue in America. Business men have risen up in his presence and, with an ill-concealed faltering of intonation, have described "what Mr. —— has done for me." There is indeed something extraordinarily attractive, naïve, and impossible about the Americans' attitude to art and letters. They are not strong in the critical faculty, and are often wrong about the artist; but the *idea* of art has a singular appeal for them; a practical, hard-headed people develop a sudden passion for romantic metaphysics. In England, it is exactly the opposite. We care not a fig for the idea, the principle, the meaning of art—we crave the idiosyncrasies of the individual artist. At any rate, "*Pincus Hood*" (the gentle, impecunious, devoted keeper of an art shop and picture gallery combined) reinforces what is no doubt a faulty generalization. The religion of Pincus's life is an endowed art-gallery, where a promising artist can exhibit without the customary outlay, and the book describes the struggles of him and his artist friends against a suggestive background of the dark materialism of New York. It is not a question of the great qualities of the author—the fairy godmother at the close positively hails down her bequests of felicity, reconciliation, matrimony, and well-being. But if it does not demand much of the reader, it puts him on excellent terms with its sincere and amiable spirit.

Polly Prendergast is a young lady whose very unconventionality is a sign and index of her golden heart. She

marries a preposterous toad called Harrison-Biggs, and appears to think it an intellectual and moral charge upon her soul to be his cook and parlormaid during years of the most lurid ill-treatment. Meanwhile, the breezy, chivalrous sailor, Bill, waits reverently in the background, and, after a decent interval has elapsed from her husband's desertion and her mother's repudiation of her, claims her for his own. Not the most creditable of Mr. Goldring's works.

*Zella* is an egoist-romantic, whose quest for admiration and love leads her into soulful situations, passionate heart-searchings, a semi-unconscious pose, and a too-ready adaptability to the environment of others. Her zest in emotional experience brings her conversion in a convent and almost a husband in the person of Mr. Stephen Pontisbury, a gentleman of a mildly Byronic cast. Happily Zella's cousin points out that Mr. Pontisbury would never do at breakfast time, and Zella is left putting to herself the somewhat hackneyed question propounded by Pilate at the beginning of a not obscure essay of Bacon's, "*Zella Sees Herself,*" if rather solemn and tepid, is an honest piece of work, and Miss Delafield must have the credit of not, like many another novelist, being taken in by her own characters.

"*Lewis Seymour and Some Women,*" as Mr. Moore tells us in a by no means self-dissatisfied preface, is his first novel—"A Modern Lover"—re-written. Mr. Moore reflects at length and aloud upon the excellence of them both; but the subject of our meditations is the wonder how the author of either of them could possibly possess the reputation of a man of letters. Now, "*A Modern Lover,*" in spite of its bad construction, its frivolity, its disagreeable ethics, and its glaring crudities, had one virtue and one only. It communicated, whether unconsciously or no, the feeling of youth. But its grandchild! The hero, Seymour, is a vulgar, coarse, ostentatious adventurer, whose particular genius in art is in decorating ball-rooms with Cupids, Nymphs, masks, and floral designs. Through the agency of an art-dealer, he gets into touch with a rich but extremely foolish divorcee, Lucy Bentham, and succeeds from the blended motives of covetousness and sensuality in making her his mistress. They pass long days (as lengthily recorded) together in Paris Mr. Moore steering pretty close to the wind; and Lucy, in an extraordinarily trivial, undistinguished, and toneless style, telling her lover stories about the Courts of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and the French Revolution, exactly in the manner of an elementary text-book of history. Seymour's interest is chiefly aroused by the number of mistresses possessed by Louis XV., and the exciting point as to whether Marie Antoinette was technically faithful to her husband or not. This entertainment is varied by minute accounts of the "*Golden Ass*" of Apuleius, and the "*Daphnis and Chloe*" of Longus. If Mr. Moore must regale us with such historical and literary manuals, he might at least be accurate. Quite apart from calling the Loire, in Touraine, a "deep" river (it is full of sandbanks and cannot be navigated) he tells us that the interlude in the "*Golden Ass*" is the "celebrated story" of Orpheus and Eurydice, when all the world knows that it is of Psyche. Seymour, after being presented with a fine house and furniture in Chelsea by Lucy, gets rid of her (but not the house!). Another lady comes on the scene—a Lady Helen—who, being of opinion that "she had been a virgin long enough," gets up early in the morning, calls on Seymour in his bedroom, and insists that they should go and live together in a hired residence at Twickenham before getting married. We cannot pursue the career of the wretched Seymour any further. After a long procession of tedious art-talks, he becomes a plump Academician, and there at happy last is an end of him. We cannot do Mr. Moore the outrage of supposing him to take his hero seriously. But there are no indications that the book is a satire. The narrative proceeds to the end dully, disconnectedly, and without skill or fancy; a pedestrian style totters along with it. Nor is there any hint of a satiric purpose in the Shavian preface Mr. Moore tries to write. And even giving Mr. Moore the benefit of the doubt, we should not agree that the art of satire consists in picking out an uninteresting vulgarian for hero and prosily and minutely recording his tasteless intrigues with silly women.

## Making the Most of Food Rations

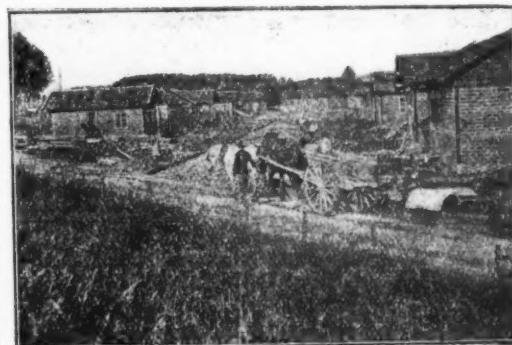
A MATTER of great importance to the housewife confronted with the combined problems of keeping within the Food Controller's rationing orders, keeping down her weekly bills, and at the same time keeping her household in full health and strength, is the cooking of the food she buys in the way best calculated to secure from it the maximum of nutrition for the minimum of fuel cost and with the minimum of labour.

Almost every household in the Kingdom, from palace to cottage, has a gas cooking stove—and many housewives and cooks know from years of experience how to cook every kind of food in every possible way on that "ever-ready for every purpose" appliance with the least consumption of gas. But there are others to whom practical hints to that end would be valuable, and especially so at this time.

All such are invited to write to the under-mentioned advisory body, representing all the leading gas undertakings of the Kingdom, for the special "Thrift" pamphlet they have prepared and their book on "How to Use a Gas Cooker." It should not be forgotten that by using gas instead of coal every citizen can help to increase the output of high explosives, which are a by-product of gas manufacture.

*The British Commercial Gas Association,  
97, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.*

T. 260.



Garden Village at Sermaize, Marne, built by the Society of Friends

## THE SOCIETY of FRIENDS

in carrying on its work of RELIEF of the SUFFERING VICTIMS of the WAR has raised ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS for its maintenance. It is carried on by some 170 Representatives in a large number of Relief Centres in FRANCE, in HOLLAND, and in the GOVERNMENT of SAMARA in distant RUSSIA.

The expenditure is now about £1,000 a week, and it asks for financial support from the general public.

We are giving Medical and Nursing Help in a considerable number of our Stations, accompanied by the provision of shelter for the Homeless, clothing and household requisites in the new wood huts we are building in France, the timber for which is provided by the FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

We are supplying help to restart the Farming Industry with necessary seeds and farming implements in localities devastated by battle, where farms have been utterly destroyed.

In Holland we have provided shelter and help in a variety of ways, as well as occupation for the refugees from Belgium, who are located there.

In Russia we have established Relief Centres, where clothing and other necessaries are distributed, and where industries, including spinning, weaving, and knitting are organised for the benefit of the destitute people who have no one else to help them.

### WE ASK THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC IN THIS WORK OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE

Contributions may be sent to Miss A. RUTH FRY, the Honorary Secretary to the War Victims Relief Committee at the office at

Ethelburga House, 91, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., who will gladly furnish any further information that may be desired.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Unbroken Line." By H. WARNER ALLEN. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

As special representative of the British Press with the French armies, Mr. Warner Allen has had unusual opportunities for seeing the conditions under which the war is fought. He takes his readers along the French trenches from Switzerland to the North Sea, and, as far as military considerations permit, explains the special features that belong to each sector, and the problems which they raise. He does not attempt any consecutive narrative of the fighting, but his sketches are, perhaps, all the more useful on that account, for they help the reader to understand some at least of the factors that determine the Allied strategy in the West. The newspapers have made us familiar with much of Mr. Allen's book, but it gains by being read as a whole. One of its most interesting sections is the account of the first couple of months of the Somme offensive. Mr. Allen's conclusion is that though the Germans may for a time keep back the hostile tide, their ultimate defeat is certain. He is enthusiastic in his praise of the French, and his final sentence is that "never, even in the days when she overran continents and conquered nations, has France played a more noble part in a more glorious epic."

\* \* \*

"Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism." By ANANDA COOMARASWAMY. (Harrap. 15s. net.)

DR. COOMARASWAMY'S purpose is to provide general readers with an introduction to Buddhism and the Buddhist writings, and to show the relations that exist between Buddhism and those systems of mysticism that approach it most closely. He begins with an account of the life of the Buddha, next discusses the Gospel of Early Buddhism, and after an exposition of such contemporary systems as the Vedanta, the Samkhya, the Yoga, and the relation of Buddhism to Brahmanism, he treats of the Mahayana, or "Great Vehicle" of later Buddhism. The book also treats of Buddhist art, and has a glossary of terms and a bibliography. Dr. Coomaraswamy is a competent authority on his subject. His book is scholarly as well as clear and simple. It aims at being a definite contribution to the philosophy of life as well as a book of information, for its author is convinced that a study of alien modes of thought must, in order to have any value, be inspired by motives other than curiosity or a desire to justify our own system. The book will undoubtedly help its readers to understand the Buddhist attitude and Buddhist ways of thought.

## The Week in the City.

THE successes on the Somme have been taken very seriously by the Stock Exchange, which is evidently of opinion that the end of the war is much nearer. By Wednesday, Consols had climbed up to 55, India Threes were 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Home railways have been looking up. Thus Great Easterns sold at 33 $\frac{3}{4}$  on Wednesday, Midland Preferred at 46, and Brighton Preferred at 96 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Of course the announcement that America is going to lend freely to the Allies at what now seems the very low rate of 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., has strengthened some of the exchanges. The lira, for instance, is worth a good deal more than it was before the declaration of war. Yesterday there was a second issue of 50 millions in Treasury Bills, and there is talk of a fresh lot of 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds with a currency of from two to five years being placed on the market, though the old ones are at a discount. In connection with the Indian War Loan, five-year cash certificates in denominations of from 10 to 100 rupees are being sold to small investors. As the City Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" observes: "These cash certificates correspond with our war-saving certificates." Money has been pretty comfortable during the week. On Wednesday, for instance, loans for the week were at from 4 to 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., the discount rate for three months being about 4 9-16 per cent. The gravity of the shipping and food situation is becoming more generally understood; but so long as the shops are not empty people find it difficult to restrain their appetites. It is thought that there will be a

spell of privation before the harvest, and there is some speculation as to how the masses will take it. The potato queues have been fairly tractable and patient so far.

## THE ADVANCE IN HOME RAILS.

The department to benefit most from the optimism now prevailing on the Stock Exchange has been the Home Railway market. With the high rates ruling for money in 1916, Home Railway prior charges were marked down to a point at which the yields offered were very attractive; when the War Loan was issued a fair amount of selling took place, and there was a further fall. But during the past ten days a large demand has sprung up for all classes of Home Railway securities, and as the market is very short of stock, prices have risen rapidly, as will be seen from the following table:—

Name of Security.	Dividends.	Price end of 1915.	Price end of 1916.	Rise
	p.c.	1915.	1916.	since Present Yield.
Great Central 5 p.c. 1894 Pref.	1	2	31	39 $\frac{1}{4}$ 5 2 0
Great Eastern Ord.	2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	38 $\frac{1}{4}$ 6 16 0
Great Northern Def.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	37 6 15 3
Great Western Ord.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	87	90 3 7 9
Hull & Barnsley Ord.	2	3	40	41 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7 4 6
Lanes. & Yorks. Ord.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 15 3
London & N.W. Ord.	6	6	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 7 0
London & S.W. Ord.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	88 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 4 3
London, Brighton Def.	4	4	59	58 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 14 6
London, Chatham Arb. Pref.	4	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	56	59 3 7 12 7
Midland Deferred	4	4	57	59 2 6 15 6
Northern-Eastern Consols	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	100	100 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 9 3
South-Eastern Deferred	1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 9 0

Present prices are mostly the highest recorded this year, but even now are a long way below the highest of 1916. If cheaper money rates prevail, there is every probability that the present advance in price will be continued. The present prices of the debenture stocks give yields varying from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

## CAMMELL LAIRD'S PROFITS.

The war has brought salvation to many industrial concerns, and although this cannot perhaps be said of Cammell Laird & Co., it is nevertheless true that the company's recovery from the disastrous period of 1907-9 has been much accelerated by war conditions. For several years after the company was struck off the Admiralty list, ordinary shareholders received no dividend in spite of a gradual improvement in earnings, for profits were absorbed by the payment of arrears of preference dividend. For the year 1913, however, ordinary shareholders received a dividend of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which was increased in 1914 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and again in 1915 to 10 per cent. This rate has been repeated for 1916, the report for the year ended December 31st last showing that profits, after payment of debenture interest, &c., and providing special and ordinary depreciation, amounted to £321,572, or £17,531 more than for 1915. After allocating £100,000 to reserve, the same amount as a year ago, and paying the 5 per cent. preference dividend and a dividend of £10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, the balance carried forward is increased by £43,044. The amount due for Excess Profits Tax has not yet been ascertained, but a reserve for this liability has been made in the balance-sheet under the heading of "Sundry Creditors," which stand at £1,332,850, or £70,130 higher than in the previous balance-sheet. The report states that the works have been fully employed, and that "output results have been eminently satisfactory."

## WESLEYAN AND GENERAL ASSURANCE.

The annual report for the year 1916 shows that in the ordinary department 2,860 new life policies were issued, assuring £237,655, as against 6,625 policies, assuring £352,725 in 1915, premium income being increased by £5,804 to £236,550. In the industrial department, premium income was £806,994, as compared with £783,742, and claims amounted to £374,138, including war claims of £46,951. The total premium income showed an increase of £18,407, at £1,050,288. No bonus has been declared in the ordinary for 1916, but interim bonuses will be paid on policies which become claims during the next twelve months. The surplus in all departments, after increasing investments reserve fund from £6,000 to £16,000 to meet depreciation, amounted to £27,038, and an addition of £20,000 has been made to the special contingency fund. Total assets on December 31st amounted to £2,877,220, showing an increase of £251,701.

LUCCELLUM.

